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Old world.

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Part of the same land
in the same

PHILIP COURTENAY;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY

LORD WILLIAM LENNIX.

AUTHOR OF

"COMPTON AUDLEY," "WELLINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE,"
"PERCY HAMILTON," &c.

"In works of humour, especially when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of oneself may give some diversion to the public."—ADDISON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PHILIP COURTENAY.

CHAPTER I.

‘How beautiful is youth!
How often as it passes by
With flowing lips, and flashing eye,
With soul that not a care hath cross’d
With cheek that not a tint hath lost;
How often in my heart I cry—
How beautiful is youth!’

HOWITT.

I BELIEVE it is Horace Walpole who says,
quoting a remark of Gray, “that if any man
would keep a faithful account of what he has
seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever

Garrison, R. 274951 Gray, 367

hands, prove an interesting one." Addison, too, no mean authority, writes—"In works of humour, the talking of one's self may give some diversion to the public." Sincerely do I trust that the following pages will not only be humorous, but savour as little as possible of "*self*;" and in order to avoid the charge of egotism, I shall touch lightly upon events of a personal nature, and draw largely upon others which have come under my immediate observation.

As I write under a fictitious name, it would be needless to inflict upon the reader a detailed history of my birth, parentage, and education; suffice it to say that I was the fourth son and seventh child of a family of thirteen, the truth of the old adage, "*medio tutissimus ibis*" was not realised in this instance, nor can it ever be so long as the law of primogeniture remains valid, for the younger boys were doomed to be food for powder in the army or navy, while the elder one was, in due course of time, to hold the sinecure situation of receiver of rents.

The “Human Stud Book,” as the “Peerage” has not inaptly been termed, dated the family pedigree from the period when the eighth Harry ruled over the destinies of the land; but it was not until the days of the Virgin Queen that my ancestor was ennobled. This distinguished individual served in the most brilliant naval enterprises of the day, in the expedition to Normandy in aid of Henry the Fourth of France, and took a prominent part in the capture of Cadiz, which the impetuous valour of the English troops, under the gallant and high-minded Essex, had carried sword in hand.

Elizabeth, who loved valour, was profuse in liberality: she gave this new favourite a present of thirty thousand pounds, thus realizing the common saying of the time—“The Queen pays bountifully, though she rewards sparingly;” fortunately my ancestor reaped the benefit of this munificence. Captain Courtenay was raised to the peerage, a large sum of “secret service” money was presented him, and some valuable manors, pillaged from the see

of a newly-promoted bishop, were settled upon him and his descendants. Rumour, "upon whose tongue continual slanders ride," had assigned other motives beyond a reward for bravery for these royal acts of favour: and some imagined that the handsome person of Robert Courtenay had produced a favourable impression upon the heart of the spinster sovereign.

The courtiers attributed the rise of the young soldier to his friendship with Essex, who then occupied that place in the Virgin Queen's affections which Leicester had so long enjoyed; while a rival propagated an insinuation of a scandalous nature, to which I am bound in charity not to refer, and for the honour of my ancestry, trust that, in this instance, common report was as mendacious as she is universally represented to be.

The broad lands that had descended from the first Lord of Courtenay, were situated in the most beautiful part of Warwickshire, and produced a rental of nearly thirty thousand a year. The manor-house was an Elizabethan

building, and had been erected upon the site of an old abbey founded in 640, and which, in the reign of the eighth Harry had shared the fate of other religious institutions of England. Part of the ruins of its magnificent church and cloisters still remained, and the present mansion, built during the days of the Vestal Queen, combined the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern date.

In the onset, I promised my readers to spare them all particulars of my “cockadehood,” as the talented authoress of “Cecil” calls it; suffice it to say, “time had rolled its ceaseless course;” the splendid satin riband, the flowing robe of embroidered cambric, had given way to “short clothes;” I had fallen from my nurse’s arms to the “go-cart,” and in a few years found myself in jacket and trousers. The first *striking* incident in my life was the practical illustration of the old adage, with *cuts*, of—

‘Spare the rod, spoil the child.’

However much the latter might have been car-

ried on from my cradle, the former was no longer to exist.

I was on a visit to a relation, a great horticulturist, who prided himself on his garden of choice fruits and flowers, his pineries, melon-beds, and “all other means and appliances to”—*fruit*; when, like our common mother, I fell a victim to a forbidden delicacy. The scene of the French little Pickle, in one of Scribe’s admirable farces, was performed to the life.

“*Est ce que tout à l’heure tu n’as pas cueilli des pêches !*”

“*Oh ! trois ou quatre ; pour les prunes, je n’ai pas compte, mais pour les abricots, je n’ai pas pu en manger beaucoup, parcequ’ils étaient trop haut, et que pour en battre il fallait jeter des grosses pierres.*”

“*Ah ! pardi ! et ma melonnière qui est dessous, mes cloches de verre bleu, et mes vases du Japan.*”

“*Tout cela a été brisé, puisque je m’en faite des castagnettes.*”

Now, to my credit be it spoken, I was not

half so mischievous as the continental 'Spoiled Child,' for, finding the peaches out of my reach, I provided myself with a haymaker's rake, and helped myself to one or two of these blushing beauties, with no further damage than robbing the tree. This misdemeanor was duly reported to my parents, and a tutor was to be looked out for me preparatory to my being sent to school. I had an instinctive horror of school—a vision flitted before my eyes of birch, bread and butter, highlows, corduroys, leathern cap, fagging, tough mutton, Latin grammar, and a hard-hearted and hard-hitting dominie.

In less than a month my tutor arrived. The appearance of Mr. Taylor, so my instructor was named, was not very much in his favour; for he was an attenuated man, with a sallow visage, bushy eyebrows, dark piercing eyes, a high forehead, and coarse jet black hair. His passion was smoking, a habit not quite so fashionable in the days when George the Third was king, as it is in those of Queen Victoria.

From some unaccountable fancy, I took the greatest dislike to 'sublime tobacco,' and showed my feeling by always absenting myself from the room whenever the dominie appeared with cigar in mouth. His pleasure was to try and break me of this piece of affectation, and he lost no opportunity of whiffing the smoke in my face. Never shall I forget that my earliest grief and first pleasure was caused by the Nicotian weed, which that abject flatterer and servile courtier, Raleigh—who addressed his royal mistress, when in her sixtieth year, as a nymph, Venus, and Diana—originally introduced into our country.

My tutor, in consequence of an imaginary fear of asthma, had been recommended the moderate use of tobacco; but little did Doctor Slow, the provincial practitioner, know to what extent the abuse had been carried. At the period I refer to, my father and family were absent, he having the command of a military district in the north of England, and

this enabled the dominie to indulge nightly in his favourite habit.

One evening, in the month of July, after fatiguing myself at a game of cricket, I tried to fall asleep in the study, when Mr. Taylor, who had the knack of ingeniously tormenting his pupils, began to puff away his cares, not regarding mine, and amused himself with 'smoking me out.' No sooner were my eyelids closed, than a whiff of the strongest tobacco assailed my olfactory senses, and set me sneezing. I had suffered throughout the day from head-ache, which commenced over a difficult problem, was brought to maturity by a 'back-hander' from the irascible preceptor, and reached its climax from a severe blow by a cricket ball. These accumulations of troubles had made me rather captious, and I evinced my displeasure at the smoke nuisance by hiding my head within my hands: puff followed puff, when of a sudden I started up, burning—alas! not figuratively—with indigna-

tion, and began rubbing my neck. The more I rubbed, the more the pain increased.

“Absurd!” said my tutor—“making such a fuss about a little smoke!”

“Oh! oh! oh!” I still cried, making the most hideous contortions; “Oh! oh! oh! it hurts me dreadfully.”

“Silence!” exclaimed my persecutor, losing his temper (no great gain, be it said, to any one finding it), and pinching my ear. “What is the matter? you will never make a soldier.”

Writhing with agony, I felt too proud to reply.

“The very smell of powder would upset you,” continued the instructor.

At this unfeeling speech I struggled hard to keep down my rising anger, and, grinding my teeth together, did my best to subdue the acute pain I still suffered. Happily for me, at this moment the door opened, and Harry Arthur, a superannuated butler, made his appearance, attended by the steward's-room boy, who placed a tray before the tutor. A cold

leg of lamb, the most fragrant mint sauce, a crisp lettuce, a cucumber, a jug of home-brewed ale, formed his repast, while a plate of porridge was alone left for mine.

“Why, Master Philip, you are surely unwell,” said the kind-hearted domestic; “if you’ll come into the housekeeper’s room, I will get you something that will do you good; I’ve a nice bunch of grapes and some peaches,” he continued, *sotto voce*, fancying that the mind and not the body was suffering from my hard-hearted taskmaster.

This sympathetic feeling so entirely overcame me that I burst out crying, and sobbed so piteously, that Arthur began to suspect that more than an ordinary grief had caused my tears.

“Over excited at cricket,” said the callous Mr. Taylor, as he sliced one of the ingredients for his salad; “John, pray give me the oil—not much stamina, I fear—and the vinegar—the mind’s always at work—this egg is scarcely boiled enough—I really must consult Doctor

Slow—a little anchovy sauce—and just step into my room for the small mahogany chest, my asthma threatens me to-night.”

The foot-boy hastened to do his master's bidding, stimulated with the prospect of a guinea at Christmas, which hush money kept many a peccadillo from becoming public.

“You had better take off your silk handkerchief,” said the considerate butler, at the same time removing it from my neck.

“Oh ! you hurt me,” I faintly exclaimed.

The old man gave a melancholy shake of his head, which seemed to imply that he thought me cross and peevish, and said in a low mournful tone, “I meant to be of service, Master Philip, and not to hurt you ;” at this moment a sight attracted his attention which completely changed the current of his thoughts —“Why, what have you done to yourself? Mr. Taylor, the poor boy has a blister on his neck as large as a crown piece !”

“A blister !” echoed the tutor, as he turned to John, who had now re-entered the room

with the liquor-medicine chest; "a scraped potato will allay the pain: he probably got it in the stinging nettles, when looking for a lost ball."

"Run to the still-room, John, and tell Elizabeth to bring some hot water and fine lint," proceeded the anxious Harry Arthur, "and order a bread-and-milk poultice."

"But first give me a glass of ale," interposed the preceptor; "froth it up, and now bring a jug of scalding water, a lemon, and white sugar."

No sooner was it bruited about the house that "Master Philip had been burnt," than the housekeeper, Mrs. Miller, Anne the head-housemaid, and Fanny the dairy-maid, rushed into the room. "It's the wasps," exclaimed one; "a horse-fly," said another; "the nettle rash," cried a third. "Why! the darling black-eyed boy's neck is completely scarified, and his collar is singed," remarked Mrs. Miller; "surely he can't have been near the oven in the bakehouse."

“But what’s this powder?” inquired the dairy-maid.

“It’s the ashes of a pipe or cigar,” responded the butler; “they are still alive!”

A general silence followed this remark, and all eyes were turned upon the teacher, who had been the innocent cause of my misfortune; for the reader will have probably already discovered, that in puffing a cloud of smoke against my face, he had accidentally shaken the burnt end of his “mild Havannah” between my neck and shirt-collar, leaving to this day a scar that would identify me in the same manner the heroes of all the Minerva Press novels, and Cobourg Theatre melodramas, were wont to be identified.

To do Mr. Taylor justice, I must say that nothing could exceed his kindness and anxiety upon this occasion; he had hitherto looked upon me as a weak timid boy, totally unfitted for the profession I was destined for—the army; but when he found I could endure the greatest torture with patient resignation, his whole

feeling towards me seemed to undergo a wonderful change—"You are a brave little fellow," he exclaimed, "and I regret—"

"Don't say a word upon the subject," I responded, won by his altered manner; "it was my fault for going to sleep."

In the mean time Mrs. Miller, who had studied Dr. Kentish's work on burns, had applied the usual remedies; and as this medical writer recommended generous diet, I was taken to the housekeeper's-room, where I was indulged with every luxury that could be furnished. A message from my tutor that two holidays would be given me, entirely cheered my spirits, while the care and attention bestowed upon me totally removed all pain of body. The next morning I awoke quite renovated, and, as I was to remain that day on the invalid list, my absence from study extended to nearly half the week.

"What say you to a drive to Kenilworth, this afternoon?" said Mr. Taylor, as he came, before I was up, to inquire after my health.

“ I shall be delighted,” I responded.

“ We will start, then, at three o'clock ; and if you like to have a small hamper of wine, fruit, and sandwiches packed, we can have a pic-nic in the Pleasance, drink to the memory of ‘ Queen Bess ’ in Leicester’s Buildings, talk over the deeds of your gallant ancestor in the Tilt Yard, and have our dessert in Cæsar’s Tower.”

Doctor Slow, who had a wonderful knack of ferreting out every event that took place within ten miles of his residence, had been informed of the slight catastrophe that had befallen me, and had lost no time in driving over to Courtenay Manor, under the pretext of inquiring after my tutor’s asthma, but, in reality, to ascertain the state of the case respecting myself.

The M. D. was a practitioner of the old school, and so learned and pedantic in his conversation, that it was oftentimes difficult to comprehend his meaning. He would discourse of the prehension of food, salivary secretion,

deglutition, chylication—he would speak of the dragging of the epigastric region; when suffering from abstinence, of the mutual attrition of the ruga of the empty stomach, and describe thirst as a troublesome dryness of the fauces and œsophagus. He would tell of the action of the parietes of the thorax, and dilate upon necrosis, psorophthalmy, emphysema, and ranula.

The doctor was announced; he was a dapper little man, with a powdered head and pigtail, a black dress coat and waistcoat, continuations of the same, black silk stockings, highly-polished shoes and buckles. After complimenting his patient upon his improved looks, he turned to me, and expressed a hope that a whitlow, or, as he termed it, paronychia, under which I had lately suffered, had not suppurated — “Nothing like a simple cataplasm; but if the arm is swollen, or the lymphatics inflamed, it might be necessary to open the collection.”

“Philip’s finger is quite well,” responded

Mr. Taylor; “but he met with a slight burn last night, which, thanks to Mrs. Miller’s remedies, is considerably better.”

“In any local inflammation the antiphlogistic treatment was formerly the usual practice; but in modern times the principle of maintaining the action of the part by an adequate stimulus has been resorted to, by applying hot oil of turpentine or alcohol, and then covering the part with a liniment composed of *unguentum resinæ flavæ* and *oleum terebinthina*.”

My hair stood on end as I heard the hot spirit recommended.

The disciple of Esculapius continued—“If vesications do not form, suppuration will probably not take place. At the second dressing, warm proof laudanum may be used.”

Again I groaned at the thought of having more heat applied to my burning pain.

“At the third, powdered chalk and a plaster of *ceratum lapidis calaminaris* will prove effectual.” At the conclusion of this erudite

exposition, the physician turned to the dominie, and made particular inquiries after his supposed malady—"No tightness across the chest, or difficulty of breathing, I trust?"

"Why, no, Doctor Slow, I feel myself better, although I fear during this hot weather the attack may return."

"Should the paroxysm come on," continued the modern Galen, "opium; assafoetida, ether, or other antispasmodics should be administered; to promote expectoration, decoction of seneka, milk of ammoniac, with nauseating doses of tartar emetic, or a preparation of squills, are medicines of considerable efficacy." The patient was all attention. "Warm pediluvia, and the respiration of an atmosphere mixed with hydrogen gas, or any other innocuous air, which might dilute the oxygenous gas, would be useful in spasmodic asthma."

After this gratuitous advice, Mr. Taylor felt himself bound to play into the doctor's hands, so addressing him, said, "Although Philip's

burn is considerably better, perhaps a little régime might be advisable."

My heart sunk within me, and a vision of parti-coloured drugs floated before my mind—blue pill, grey powder, and black draught.

"Let me feel your pulse, Master Philip—no fever," my hopes revived; "and your tongue—a little furred," down went my expectations. "A slight cathartic might be advisable." So calling for half a sheet of paper, the doctor wrote a hieroglyphical-looking prescription, in which the words *sulphas soda* and *sennæ* were conspicuous, and which my knowledge of Latin enabled me to ascertain was to be taken early in the morning.

The practitioner having gratified his propensity, which was a ruling passion, that of receiving his guinea, looked as pleased as the man in the farce, who sings—

‘No hand so fair to me
As the one that holds a fee,’

and prepared to take his departure; before, however, he left the room, Harry Arthur made

his appearance to inform us that the gig was at the door, and that the hamper of edibles and drinkables had been placed under the seat. As he enumerated the delicacies, which consisted of cold chicken, tongue, lobster, apple tart, fruit, cake, ale, and wine, the doctor made a face very like the one the inimitable Liston was wont to put on, when, in the words of the Scotch pedagogue Abel Sampson, he exclaimed “Prodigious!”

CHAPTER II.

‘No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.’

SHERIDAN.

It was a lovely summer's afternoon; the harvest had commenced, the sun shone brightly in a clear azure sky, the birds carolled their "wood notes wild," the banks and hedges were variegated with a thousand flowers, emitting their balmy odours to the light breeze, when Mr. Taylor and myself entered the vehicle which was to convey us to the ruins of Kenilworth.

"Philip, take the reins for a moment," said my companion, "I am anxious to say a word to Dale;" and pulling up at a farm house

within a hundred yards of the lodge, my tutor descended from the gig. As the sun's rays still acted powerfully, and the insects tormented "Gaffer Grey"—so the steed was called—I drove on a few yards to get under the shade of an old barn, when my attention was attracted by the following posting bill—

Theatre, Coventry.

FRIDAY, JULY the 21st,

Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE,

THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN,

Will have the honour of appearing in two of his most favourite characters.

For further particulars, see small bills.

I read the announcement over and over again. I had heard of the delights of a theatre from many a young companion; I had seen characters and scenes descriptive of the gorgeousness of "Blue Beard," the "Blood Red Knight," and "Lodoiska," and laughed

over the tricks and transformations in "Mother Goose"; I had peeped through a glass at a fair, and had seen "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack and Harlequin Magic," all for the small sum of one penny, but a regular play, I had never attended.

While building many a (theatrical) castle in the air, I was recalled to real life by the approach of the dominie, who appeared in the highest spirits, caused, as I was afterwards informed, by Farmer Dale having offered him the shooting over his manor for the ensuing season.

"Why what are you studying, my boy, so intently?" he inquired.

"A play-bill," I meekly responded.

"What! Cooke, the great Cooke, coming to Coventry to act two of his best characters! I wonder what they will be?"

Thus encouraged, I continued—

"I think we could get Tom Hodson to bring us back a small bill; he goes in to-morrow to market."

“Well, you may tell him to ask at Lucas’s for one.”

Armed with this authority, I called to the farm labourer, and entrusted him with a hasty written note in pencil, requesting the printer to forward a bill to Courtenay Manor, not liking to leave the case entirely in my messenger’s hands, he having declared that the “player folk were an awful bad lot, and nothing better than vagabonds, according to the law of the land.” Old Hodson’s prejudice was one rather prevalent at the period I write of, but which happily no longer exists; and those whom the melancholy Prince of Denmark describes as “the abstract and brief chronicle of the time,” are now duly appreciated, and treated with that consideration which is ever due to public talent, when accompanied, as it almost universally is, with private worth.

For the remainder of the day I could think of nothing but the play; and my joy knew no bounds when my tutor, delicately alluding to my late accident, and what he kindly termed

my manly conduct, promised to take me to the theatre on the following Friday.

Having gained my long-wished-for request, I felt that I should ill requite the dominie's kindness if I did not enter into his ideas about Kenilworth ; and as one of his plans of education was to give his pupils a desire to search out historical facts by raising their curiosity concerning those who had figured in bygone days; he commenced a running commentary upon Elizabeth and her Court. I must premise that Mr. Taylor had at least one redeeming virtue—he was a staunch supporter of the Protestant faith. He annually kept up two *fêtes*—the 5th of November, it being the anniversary of gunpowder treason and the landing of the Prince of Orange with his army at Torbay ; and the 16th of February, the day of the accession of that prince to the throne of England. As we entered the outer gate, Mr. Taylor became quite eloquent upon the character of its former possessor, the powerful Earl of Leicester.

“It was here that the favourite received his royal mistress at an entertainment unparalleled for expense and magnificence, and at which, according to the record of the times, the thirsty souls drank three hundred and sixty-five hogsheads of ale.”

I was all attention, although rather disposed to insinuate that a glass of that wholesome beverage would not be unacceptable after a hot hour's drive.

The tutor proceeded—

“It was within these walls that the handsome, accomplished, insinuating owner of it, did homage to that queen for whose favour he is supposed to have murdered his own wife.”

“And was this ever known to Elizabeth?” I hesitatingly inquired.

“Unfortunately,” he responded, “her affection gained mastery over her otherwise sound understanding, and blinded her to the pride, insolence, and ambition of her devoted courtier.”

Before I had time to make a comment upon

this failing of his idol, he exclaimed, in an enthusiastic tone—

“The maiden queen was the greatest sovereign that ever wielded the sceptre in these realms ; her noble qualities, her dauntless spirit, her rigid economy of public money ; but, above all, her fearless championship of the Protestant cause, rendered her the most illustrious female that ever did honour to humanity.”

“Antiquarians,” he proceeded, “differ as to the foundation of the castle. Some ascribe it to the time of the Heptarchy, others to that of William the Conqueror.”

“But whose arms are those?” I inquired, attracted by an ancient escutcheon on the outer walls.

“Those are the armorial bearings of the Clintons, who flourished in the reign of that accomplished scholar, Henry the First.”

Seeing that my attention was riveted to the interesting details of the venerable ruin, my companion continued—

“During the barons’ wars, in the days of

the irresolute Henry the Third, Kenilworth was held out against the king's army by Simon de Mountford, first Earl of Leicester, the younger son of that De Mountford, who, in the previous reign, had gathered round the standard of Pope Innocent, in his crusade against the Albigenses, whom the Court of Rome had denominated heretics.—But what say you to opening our basket of provisions.”

To this I readily assented ; and gaining the spot on the ancient keep, I spread our rural repast upon an old block of stone. After enjoying a meal with that avidity which is characteristic of all *al fresco* repasts, my tutor continued—

“Here, on this very spot, languished the inoffensive Edward the Second ; in this dungeon was his resignation of the crown extorted from him by terror and menaces ; and there,” pointing to a tower on the south-east side of the building, “once revelled Mortimer, the paramour of Isabella of France, who ended his days on the scaffold. That once massive pile,” said my instructor,

pointing to the ruin that still bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings, "was erected by 'old John of Gaunt;' and Coventry, you remember, was the spot selected for the trial by arms to decide the feud between his son Harry of Hereford Lancaster and Derby, and Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk."

The time had passed so rapidly away, that we were perfectly unaware of the lateness of the hour, until the ostler of the "King's Arms," reminded us that the "chay," as he called it, was at the inn door. Lighting his cigar, my preceptor mounted his gig, offering me, as the sailors say, a berth to windward, an arrangement which kept me "out of fire"—a consummation to a burnt child most satisfactory; moreover, it gave me the gratification of showing off my powers as a coachman.

We reached home just as the day had set in, and, to my great delight, I found that the manager had anticipated my wishes by forwarding a play-bill, and a request that he might reserve a centre box for the party at

Courtenay Manor. With the greatest anxiety I opened the play-bill, and found that the eminent tragedian was to perform *Shylock*, in the “Merchant of Venice,” and *Sir Archy Mc Sarcasm* in “Love à la Mode.”

Before I went to bed, I wrote two notes by my tutor’s desire, one to request five front seats might be kept for us, the other to propose ourselves to dinner at the house of some mutual friends at Coventry, with a hope that their party, consisting of three—Mr., Mrs., and Miss Ramsay—would accompany us in the evening to the theatre.

I will not attempt to describe my state of restlessness during the time that intervened. An affirmative had been received from the host we had laid under requisition, naming five o’clock for the dinner hour, as the performance was to commence at half-past six, and pressing us to pass the day at the “Willows,” so the small suburban villa was called, and, as a matter of course, to sleep there on the night of the play.

The morning at length arrived ; and as the London and Birmingham night coach daily passed the lodge at about nine o'clock, on its way to Coventry, no sooner was our breakfast over than we were on the look out for this somewhat lumbering conveyance. Fortunately, it was not full, and having secured two inside places, we proceeded on our journey to that city rendered so famous by the exploits of the Lady Godiva, and the peering tailor.

Upon reaching the "King's Head," we ordered the portmanteaus to be taken to the "Willows," and immediately wended our steps towards the theatre to purchase tickets and to ascertain that our places had been duly retained. The exterior of the Thespian temple had nothing particular to recommend it, and, as I waited outside, while my companion went into the box-office, my attention was attracted to some rather "shabby genteel" looking people that were going in and out of a side swing door, and who at last congregated outside it.

“Not yet arrived !” said a lady, whose age appeared to be about forty, and who was highly rouged and gaudily over-dressed ; “it’s quite disgraceful.”

“I was called for ten, and now its past twelve,” chimed in a fair-looking girl, of a most slatternly appearance, with a faded tartan cloak, a tarnished straw bonnet, unlaced worn-out satin boots, and her hair in paper.

“It’s always the way with these stars,” responded an individual of a Werter-looking cast of countenance.

“We must make some little allowance,” remarked a little man, with the most comical physiognomy I ever beheld. “He’ll be here presently, and he’s quite up in the part.”

“His absence, sir, lays blame upon his promise,” spouted forth the first speaker. “Fap,” I presume, as Bardolph calls it—‘His custom always of the afternoon.’ ”

“How you did gag it last night, my boy ; you regularly cut me out of my tag,” remarked the funny-faced man.

“I like that,” retorted the person he addressed; “you had all the fat, never gave me the cue, and were quite shy of the syll’s yourself.”

“And no wonder, when I had four lengths to get up for to-night.”

A bustling personage now made his appearance, to whom a certain degree of deference was shown.

“Sim,” he exclaimed, in a pompous tone, “have you been about the supers, and seen to the properties?”

“Yes, sir,” responded the other.

“Have you touched up the gothic drop, altered the flies, attended to the floats, repaired the O. P. wing, prepared a practical door P. S., secured the trap, and newly varnished the moon?”

An affirmative nod was given to each of these queries.

“Tell Hatton we shall only require half the band to-night.”

“Half, sir!” echoed the astonished Simon

Cobb, with a look of amazement ; “ you forget, sir, that Perkyuns, the double-bass and trumpet was detained at Leicester for a small debt ; and Hatton, Lucas, and Markwick, are all as are with us now.”

“ Two will be enough, and Markwick can take the checks at the gallery-door, and come on in the justice scene.”

“ Please sir, the candles is come,” said Mr. Cobb, who I afterwards discovered, united in his own person the situations of prompter, bill-deliverer, utterer of the thunder lightning and snow-storms, machinist, scene-painter, call-boy, and property-man ; “ there’s two pound of fours, and a pair of moulds, with a wax-end for the moonlight-scene.”

“ Quite right,” responded his employer.

“ Sims the grocer says, sir, as he cannot lend the scales without you send him two for the pit.”

“ Impossible—the free list is suspended, not an order given,” replied the man of authority, in a voice that was evidently meant to be

heard by all the assembled party, and those passing by. "Sim, how have you arranged for the caskets?"

Why, sir, I've borrowed a salt-box, which I have covered over with gold foil; a tin biscuit case will do for the silver one, and my missus's lead tea-caddy for the other."

During the beginning of this conversation, I was quite at a loss to understand who the speaker could be; the jargon of being "called for twelve," "up in the part," "Fap," "tag," and "gag," were beyond my powers of comprehension. I had heard of tag and rag, and thought the party represented that well-known firm. "Cue," "sylls," "supers," "flies," "wings," "floats," "drops," all baffled my understanding; and I was pondering over the whole scene, when my attention was diverted to a new object—the arrival of a post-chaise, in which were seated two gentlemen, and on the roof of which two large trunks were piled.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," said one

of the new comers, as he hastily descended from the vehicle, and addressed the party already alluded to. "I was unable to leave Birmingham before ten, the treasurer could not make out his account sooner."

After this explanation, the party entered the mysterious side-door, and I was left in wonder and astonishment. Mr. Taylor now joined me, and we proceeded to the 'Willows'—a small, unpretending villa on the skirts of the ancient town, where we were most kindly welcomed by our friends.

'The Willows' was unlike the usual class of suburban villas; the good taste of the owners having suggested that a neat, unadorned building, with a lawn in front, and kitchen-garden in the rear, was far preferable to an Italian structure, an Elizabethan cottage, or a Grecian *tusculum*, with gothic bridges, gaudy verandahs, Chinese temples, shell grottoes, fantastic aviaries, and other monstrosities, which usually form the *beau ideal* of a citizen's country box.

Mr. Ramsay, his wife, and daughter, came across the well-mowed lawn to meet us, and, with that good sense which characterizes high breeding, placed us entirely at our ease by saying, that wine, fruits, and cake were laid out in the dining-room, that dinner would be on table at five, and that in the intermediate time we were at liberty to stroll through the town, and not think it necessary to confine ourselves to the monotony of a walk through the shrubberies, or a visit to the cabbages; the worthy host reminding us of a story of the gentleman who never went to a country house without providing himself with a gouty shoe, that he might plead lameness as an excuse for not being victimized by some enthusiastic horticulturist, wild florist, or infatuated agriculturist, in walking him through the hot-houses, conservatories, poultry yard, and piggeries.

Alexander—or, as he was familiarly called, Alick—Ramsay had been the architect of his own fortune. At an early age he found him-

self an orphan, and was placed, through the kindness of a friend of his father's, at one of those excellent charity schools, which, to the honour of our country, are to be met with in every town and hamlet throughout England. Here the acuteness and intelligence of the youth attracted the attention of the visiting clergyman, and ascertaining from the master that, to the above qualifications, Alexander possessed the strongest habits of industry, the truly pious divine recommended him to a house of business in London.

The firm of Hardy, Trueman and Co., stockbrokers, held the highest character in the metropolitan city, and to them young Ramsay was apprenticed as a boy of all-work. Here his industry, even more than his talents, shone so pre-eminently forth, that in a short time he was promoted from the menial office of opening and closing the shutters and sweeping the floors, to the more honourable one of a place at the desk.

Young 'Cocker'—as he was universally called

by his brother clerks, from his readiness at calculations—remained in this situation until an opportunity occurred of advancement. The firm had some business of the greatest importance to transact in the East Indies, and, as none of the partners could well be spared, Alick Ramsay was entrusted with the affair; this he accomplished with so much credit to himself, and advantage to his employers, that shortly after his return from Calcutta he was taken into the firm, having previously married the daughter of the elder partner.

From this time, the worthy stockbroker's affairs flourished even beyond his most sanguine expectations. His marriage turned out a most happy one, a boy and a girl being the result of it; and it was the father's pride to inculcate, after those primary duties of religion and morality, the habits of industry and frugality into the minds of his offspring. With deep-felt gratitude to the disposer of all events, would Alick Ramsay recount anecdotes of his early life; he loved to dwell upon that

period, when, with only half-a-crown in his pocket, he made his way up to London in the waggon, and entered the service of the kind benefactors of his youth, unknown by, unknown to, all—a solitary wanderer on life's wild waste. He would describe the manner in which he proved the truth of the old axiom, 'a penny saved is a penny got,' and which laid the first stone of that capital which he realized in after life.

“When first I went to London,” would the prudent, although not penurious parent say, “I found that the wish of my employers was, that those under their care should devote their leisure hours to out-door exercise, and not be driven to theatres or other public places of resort. With this view, and as their correspondence was numerous, and generally of importance, the delivery of letters was entrusted to those clerks whose probity had been tested; the postage, then twopence for each letter, was at the end of the week paid to them in addition to their stipend. This was an inducement for

early rising ; and many a morning have I got up at daylight in summer, and in the dark during winter, to do my additional duty of postman. After office hours, too, I have gone my round, and have often received a pound a week for this profitable recreation."

With anecdotes similar to the above, would honest Alick amuse his children. The boy, named after his father, had been promised a lucrative situation in the Customs ; while the daughter, his junior by two years, who was under her mother's especial care, was brought up in a manner which the fast 'go-a-head' march of intellect of the present day might describe as unfashionable ; but which was, nevertheless, calculated to make her most estimable in every station of life.

In the midst of almost uninterrupted happiness, an event occurred, which, in a fatal moment, dashed the cup of earthly bliss from the lips of this united family. During the summer of 1807, Alick Ramsay—who had managed my father's affairs for some period—

proposed that I should accompany him and his son, who was two years older than myself, to the then small watering-place, Bognor, where Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter had passed the previous month. This request was promptly acceded to, and a merrier trio never started for an excursion of pleasure. On our journey down, young Alick and myself could talk of nothing but bathing, boating, and donkey-driving; amply provided with pocket-money, we looked forward with the brightest anticipations to our fortnight's amusement.

The very first morning after our arrival, all joy vanished. My youthful companion and myself had got up at daylight to pick shells from the far-famed rocks; unaware of the rapidity and strength of the flowing tide, we had both progressed further than prudence dictated, and I was intently occupied in securing a large piece of seaweed, when my attention was attracted by the piercing cry of my comrade. I looked round, and saw him on a rock surrounded with water; to rush to his

rescue was the work of a moment, but ere I could reach the spot, he, panic-struck, had tried to gain the sand, and the rushing waters rising and guggling over a deep hole, formed by the recent wreck of a collier brig, engulfed the poor boy before assistance could be obtained.

From the beach, his father, mother, and sister had witnessed the sad catastrophe, finding that we had not returned to breakfast, they had come out to join us, little anticipating the harrowing sight that so soon presented itself. I was half distracted at the mournful event, and almost impiously wished that I had shared my companion's fate. One consolation alone remained—that of having risked my life for his safety ; for it was with difficulty that I had been saved from a watery grave.

I will not dwell upon this painful subject. How often in the hour of sickness and solitude have I meditated upon the inscrutable ways of Providence, and with an overflowing heart have shed tears of gratitude over my miraculous

escape ! The bereft parents were too much impressed with religious feelings to give way to inordinate grief ; still they mourned over the untimely fate of their darling boy. Old Alexander Ramsay, having realized a handsome fortune, had retired from business, and had removed to Coventry, the place of his nativity, where he built the “Willows,” and, by his precept, example, and unostentatious charity, made himself beloved by all who knew him. There was a sad remembrance attached to the name of the villa. Poor Alick had been buried at Felpham Church, under a drooping willow, and the disconsolate father, in the first paroxysm of his grief, had prevailed upon the incumbent to permit him to take shoots of that tree, and which had immediately been planted in the newly purchased land upon which the unassuming structure my tutor and myself were about to enter had been erected.

CHAPTER III.

‘ The actors are come hither, my lord.’

* * * *

‘ ————— What players are they ?’

‘ Even those you were wont to take such delight in,
The tragedians of the city.’

SHAKSPEARE.

OUR last chapter brought my tutor and myself to the Willows ; after the first greetings were over, the conversation turned upon the play, and nothing could exceed the delight of Ellen Ramsay, at the prospect of seeing her first play. The young girl was in her sixteenth year, and although not strictly pretty, had a merry good-humoured laughing countenance, long waving ringlets, and rosy cheeks. Ellen was no heroine of romance, but a warm-hearted,

simple-minded, unsophisticated, girl ; sentiment and coquetry she especially avoided, and her greatest pleasure in life was to show kindness to her parents and to their numerous circle of friends.

During the whole of dinner I could think of nothing but the play. I began to fear that the glass-coach that was to convey us to the theatre would be late ; I raised up phantoms that the crowd would be so great that we should be unable to make our way through it. At length the conveyance was announced, and we entered it. The assemblage round the doors was numerous, but after a little pushing, aided by the civic authorities, which consisted of a superannuated beadle and a patriarchal constable, we reached the box entrance ; there the first object that met my eyes was the man of authority I had seen in the morning, and who was now dressed in a court suit, with two of the "fours" in a pair of stage candlesticks, waiting to show the mayor and other distinguished personages to their seats.

As I had an honourable affixed to my name, I was included amongst the privileged few, and I followed the manager, who walked backwards, after the fashion of every court chamberlain from the days of Polonius to the present time. "Three front and two second row, No. 7—the Earl of Courtenay's party," was announced in a stentorian voice, to the box-keeper, who lost no time in offering us a bill of the play, which I readily accepted, not being aware that by so doing I was taxing my host's pocket.

The house was crowded to the roof, and the discordant sounds that were being carried on in the gallery perfectly astounded me. The good old green curtain (deemed plebeian in our refined days) was down, and a man in a carpenter's dress was lighting the six tallow candles that were stuck into wet clay, and partly screened by dirty tin shades. The front of the boxes, the ceiling, and the proscenium, were unquestionably rather tarnished; and the figures of Thalia and Melpomene, with

their attendant train, were a little worn and out of proportion.

Mr. Hatton and his brother performer were perched up in a small division in the centre of the orchestra—"a regular *band-box*," as a wit in the gallery called it—the rest of the musicians' seats having been thrown into the pit. The stage doors had been removed, and two small private boxes erected in their stead; these were reserved for the officers quartered at the barracks. The pit was full almost to suffocation, and there was not much room to spare in the boxes.

A somewhat boisterous appeal from the gallery for music, accompanied with a term which I could not at the moment understand, but which applied to the organ of the olfactory senses, produced an immediate response; and the orchestra, consisting of a squeaking fiddle and a spasmodic clarionet, performed two of Haydn's symphonies, and an overture, in an almost incredible small space of time.

At last, after a great deal of yelling, shout-

ing, halloing, catcalling, during which, the roaring of lions, warbling of cats and screech-owls, with a mixture of the howling of dogs, was judiciously imitated, the curtain rose, and disclosed a scene in Venice, as unlike the views of that fairy city, "of wealth the mart," which I had been accustomed to see at Courtenay Manor, from the pencil of Canaletti, as the Adriatic Bucentaur is to a Thames sand-barge.

Three personages now appeared, looking more like the bravoës of Venice than the honest merchant and his two friends, and I became thoroughly engrossed with the plot of the play; it is true that my interest was not a little marred by the imperfect manner in which the trio delivered themselves of their respective speeches, and which fully justified the rather inelegant, although not less true remark, that I had previously overheard, that the performers were "shy of the *syll*-ables."

This scene was followed by one between Portia and Nerissa. In the former I recognized the

ensorious tragic lady of the morning, now flaunting about in bright cherry-coloured cotton velvet, and in the latter the fair-haired girl of curl-paper notoriety, who appeared in a very faded satin dress, such as no English Abigail would condescend to wear; unquestionably the costumes of both mistress and maid gave the spectator a poor opinion of the wealth and taste of the Belmont Heiress. No sooner had these two ladies left the stage, than a breathless silence ensued, which was almost instantaneously followed by shouts that rent the air.

Shylock appeared—the applause increased, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the audience. After a time he commenced—“Three thousand ducats—well. For three months—well. Antonio shall be bound—well.” These words were uttered in such a tone, and given with such expression, that my whole feeling was with the actor—my attention was rivetted to the scene—I could think of nothing else. I listened, I gazed; I watched every movement, every muscle. Not a word, not a look escaped

me ; and although, perhaps, the opinion of so youthful a critic may be deemed presumptuous—and some allowances must be made for the excitement attending a first play—I have never had any reason for changing the impression thus early formed, that Cooke, in Shylock, stood unrivalled.

I have since seen the “supernatural” John Kemble, in Coriolanus ; the chivalrous Charles, in Faulconbridge ; the majestic Siddons, in Constance ; the classical Young, in Brutus ; the impassioned Kean, in Richard the Third ; the plaintive O’Neil, in Juliet ; the dignified Somerville, in Hermione ; the accomplished Macready, in Macbeth ; the talented Charles Kean, in Hamlet ; the pathetic Ellen Tree, in Desdemona ; and one and all, in their respective characters have evinced the finest conceptions, the most admirable portraiture of the noblest creations of the bard of Avon ; still they have not erased from my mind the effect produced by George Frederick Cooke, in the delineation of “*the Jew*, that Shakspeare drew.”

During the time that Shylock was off the stage, I was all impatient for his return ; the drolleries of Launcelot Gobbo, his practical joke with his “ sand,” or rather “ high-gravel blind ” father were lost upon me. Nor could the melodious strains of the “ pretty Jessica,” represented by a dark-eyed “ maid of Judah,” captivate my senses. This young syren, who was the prima donna of the company, seemed to set all dramatic unities at defiance ; her dress, if such a term can be applied to the very scanty apparel that *un*-adorned her person, consisted of a low tunic and a very scant pair of Turkish trowsers, and was one which would have shamed modern Bloomerism.

With a thorough contempt for “ time, place, and action,” Miss Woolff, so the Hebrew melodist was called, had stipulated for the introduction of two favourite ballads, and to the surprise of the Shaksperian audience, in the scene where the usurer’s daughter soliloquizes, ‘ O Lorenzo ! if you keep promise, I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy loving wife,’

she proceeded as follows—

“But should you prove faithless, then will the hapless Jessica know no peace of mind—all will be dull and dreary; for in the words of the popular ballad” (so Miss Woolff pronounced it), “what would be this dull town to me, if Lorenzo was not here?”

At this introduction, the band struck up “Robin Adair,” at that period the most *organized* ditty in England. The other occasion for this unclassical interpolation was equally inappropriate, for when Jessica’s lover asked, “How cheer’st thou?” she replied—

“Happy and content, as the inmate of yon lowly thatched cottage, where if true peace is to be found in this world, the humble heart may hope for it there. See, Lorenzo, how gracefully the smoke curls along the tree tops; every leaf is at rest, not a sound is to be heard save (in the words of the popular ballad) the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.”

At this “cue,” Mr. Hatton suited the action

to the word, and tapping *his* rosined bow against the tin candlestick, played the opening bars of the "Woodpecker," another most favourite melody of the day.

The attentive reader will have perceived the ingenuity of the singer, who always made a point of reciting the words or spirit of her song before she commenced it, which not only saved her the trouble of emending Shakspeare, but had the additional advantage of giving the audience the benefit of knowing what she was about to utter—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and one we humbly recommend to all prima donnas.

Independently of the above eccentricity, Miss Woolff had a manner, peculiar to herself, of encoring her own songs. No sooner had the last note died on her lips, than she retired to the side wing, or back of the stage, and pressing the fingers of her hands together, kept up a running clapping noise with the palms of them; this she continued until the audience responded to her own call, and then coming

modestly forward, the syren (apparently overcome with gratitude) curtsied and scraped until the leader recommenced the symphony, amidst the shouts of the humane uninitiated portion of the public, who exclaimed, "shame—toomuch." Occasionally, the young Jewess had a confederate behind the scenes, who, in return for one of her sunny smiles, encored and bravaded her to her heart's content.

The fourth act had commenced. Shylock with balance in hand was gloating over his Christian victim, and was preparing to take the pound of flesh, when an event occurred that nearly paralysed the audience. In whetting his knife, to cut the forfeiture from the bankrupt's breast, the blade slipped and nearly severed the actor's thumb. In a second the stage was deluged with blood. A cry for surgical aid was raised by those who witnessed the accident from the side boxes and front row of the pit; but to those who, like myself and my young companion, were at a little distance,

and were totally unacquainted with the plot of the play, the effect was terrific.

We watched the agonising look, the writhing expression of the suffering man, as he attempted to staunch the wound, and were about to reward his truly living personification with a round of applause, when the curtain dropped, and the manager came forward to request the indulgence of the audience, until the medical practitioner could decide whether Mr. Cooke would be enabled to go through the remainder of the performance.

The cause of the accident was now buzzed about throughout the house, but, fortunately, did not reach my ears. The great George Frederick Cooke was no teetotaller; had he lived in these days, he would have shown the most perfect contempt for the abstemious principles of Father Mathew. He was as much addicted to the *dram* as the drama, and having dined rather freely with some boon companions at the 'King's Head,' had got a little elevated. A few glasses of toddy, whiskey-

punch, and brandy-and-water, during the first three acts, had produced a strong effect, and, by the time he had arrived at the trial scene, the 'potations pottle deep' began to tell, and the hard-hearted Jew found himself extremely inebriated, or, to use a fashionable and not inappropriate term, completely *cut*.

The manager again made his appearance to claim further indulgence, as the medical men had not yet made their report.

This appeal to the British public produced the desired effect, and, during the necessary delay, the majority consoled themselves by refreshing the inward man with all the delicacies the house furnished—adulterated porter, mixed ale, sour cider, unripe pears, acrid plums, rancid cakes, and flavourless ginger-beer. To me the suspense was most painful, for I could not help entertaining a fear that the performance would terminate, or that some other farce would be substituted for the one announced. After a few minutes of watchful anxiety, the manager came forward, and re-

lieved the minds of the audience by reading the following bulletin :—

‘We, the undersigned, certify that the injury which Mr. Cooke has met with, is not likely to be attended with serious consequences, and that no fear of tetanus need be entertained. The wound, although attended with pain and inflammation, has been brought into a state of apposition, and maintained in that position, by means of adhesive plaster and bandage.

(Signed) ‘GILBERT SLOW, M.D.

‘HENRY CHAPMAN, F.R.C.S.E.’

The manager continued—

“Ladies and gentlemen, under these gratifying circumstances, Mr. Cooke, ever anxious to fulfil his duty towards his kind patrons, will have the honour of re-commencing the fourth act of the ‘Merchant of Venice,’ and trusts that he will be able, with your indulgence, to go through the part of Sir Archy McSarcasm.”

This address was received with shouts of applause, and the trial scene proceeded. There was no diminution of the actor’s vigour, and the curtain fell, amidst cheers from all parts of the house.

At the end of the play, we were joined by Dr. Slow. This worthy practitioner had the most wonderful instinct with regard to cases: no Spanish pointer, no bloodhound, ever got quicker upon the scent of their game, than did the M.D. upon his. Upon this occasion, we must do the doctor the justice to say, that with that liberality which characterises the medical profession, when a public servant requires attention, he refused all remuneration for his services.

I had now but one wish ungratified, and that was to go behind the scenes, to see and converse with the great tragedian, and this was brought about by a trifling incident. The heat had been so intense, throughout the evening, that I gladly availed myself of the doctor's proposition to get a little fresh air; as we stood upon the small portico of the theatre, enjoying a slight southerly breeze, a messenger from the stage door eagerly inquired for one of the medical gentlemen that had attended his employer. "I will be with

him in a moment," responded my companion.

"Oh! do take me," I beseechingly implored.

"A slight hemorrhage may have taken place," continued the practitioner, talking to himself; "or general oozing; happily, the parts were not bruised, stretched, or lacerated."

In a state of abstraction the Doctor followed the man, whom he ascertained to be Mr. Cooke's 'dresser,' to the stage door, where we were instantaneously admitted. Here we were joined by the manager, who stated that, in the exertion of the performance, one of the bandages had given way, and that it would be necessary to apply another before the commencement of the afterpiece. "Is that young gentleman of your party?" inquired Mr. Montague Trapleigh—so the manager was called. "It's against the rules to bring strangers behind."

"The Honourable Philip Courtenay, son to the Earl of Courtenay," interrupted the M.D.;

“perhaps you will accompany him back to the box. I was so occupied with the case, that I quite forgot my young friend.”

“Oh! do let me ask poor Mr. Cooke how he is,” I imploringly answered.

“As a friend of yours, Doctor Slow, and as the son of so excellent a nobleman—by the way, I am about to write to his lordship for a bespeak—I beg you will allow the Honourable Mr. Courtenay to remain. I will inform his estimable friends, my kind supporters, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, that the young gentleman is in safe hands.”

With this most civil speech Mr. Montague Trapleigh left us, and, following the ‘dresser’ up a rather perpendicular ladder, we reached the box over the stage door, on the prompter’s side, then used as the great tragedian’s tiring-room. Upon ordinary occasions, the manager’s box was a sort of *sanctum sanctorum*, in which the cash-taker at the doors, after the receipts were taken, was temporarily placed, the checks counted, play-bills filed; in this box, all sud-

den changes of dress took place, subjecting too often the hurried actor or actress to the chance of breaking their limbs in their hasty descent.

Here, too, Mrs. Montague Trapleigh, the manager's better half, the leading tragedian and Portia of the night, was enabled, through a small aperture which opened on the first circle, to count the house, so as to ascertain whether her numbers tallied with the return. And whenever a 'star' visited the theatrical hemisphere at Coventry, this box was given up to the new comer as a dressing-room.

Following my guide and medical adviser, I was ushered into the presence of the great George Frederick Cooke. The pencil of a Hogarth, a Cruikshank, a Leech, or a Brown, could alone give a picture of this curious scene. The apartment was about five feet in breadth, and ten in depth; the floor was covered with a coarse, showy-looking drugget; the walls were distempered a bright amber colour; a wooden stage-chandelier, with four 'dips,'

hung from the ceiling; a looking-glass, from which a considerable quantity of the mineral fluid had escaped, a deal table, and a few rickety chairs, formed the remaining furniture.

From pegs in the wall hung the Jew's gaberdine, his hat, wig, beard, and stick. An embroidered coat and waistcoat, and a powdered peruke, were in the hands of the 'dresser,' and 'coiffeur,' ready to be put on. The great man himself was seated in a state theatrical chair, covered with purple velvet and gold tinsel, by the side of a small table, upon which were sundry decanters and wine glasses. Hot water, lemon, and sugar, and a liqueur case had just been brought in, through the public boxes, as we entered.

The consultation was speedily over, and another bandage applied. During this operation I had a good opportunity of scanning the physiognomy of the great tragedian. The most prominent features of his countenance were a broad, long, hooked nose—dark eyes,

full of fire and expression,—a strongly-marked and flexible brow, a high forehead, with a mouth capable of delineating the worst passions of our nature.

Cooke's manners were polished and refined, until maddened with the invincible spirit of wine; and, as at the time I saw him he had partly recovered from his excess, nothing could surpass his urbanity. "Come, my boy, sit down—a capital bowl of punch—take a glass," said the actor, as he filled me a tumbler of this most potent beverage. "So I hear you like my Shylock—I was rather wild in the trial scene; but wait for the farce, I'll give it them in my best style."

With all the enthusiasm of youth I launched forth into a criticism upon his unrivalled performance.

"Another glass, my boy; if you come up to London, send your name into me at the stage door—you must see me in Richard."

Bowl after bowl was now vanishing, and the strength of the whiskey was evidently

operating upon the toper. "The audience are getting impatient," said the manager; "would you kindly finish dressing?"

"Impatient!" responded the tragedian, raising his voice from the low tone in which he had been speaking to its sharp, emphatic key. "Tell the Coventry watch-makers and riband manufacturers, that George Frederick Cooke will not be dictated to by them; I that have acted before royalty will not stoop to these peeping Toms."

Mr. Trapleigh did all in his power to soothe the ruffled temper of the 'star.'

"Trapleigh, a glass of punch—I must drink your health," continued the histrionic hero of the night. "Mr. Courtenay, a bumper"

"Thank you, Mr. Cooke," responded the manager; "but pray consider the audience—the lateness of the hour—your kind friends, the British public."

"All right, my boy; go and tell them that I'll soon astonish their weak minds."

A sound of hissing and catcalling was now

heard, and the wretched manager, anticipating a riot, again urged Cooke to prepare himself for the performance.

“It shall be done—I will arraign them straight,” he replied, and was rising from his chair, when the entrance of Simon Cobb gave another current to his thoughts. “Oh! Sir,” said the property man, “they’re getting quite obstreperous in the gallery, and the Mayor is quite impatient.”

‘—————Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o’er our heads,
Find out their enemies now :’

responded the tragedian; “and as for the chief magistrate, in the words of Buckingham, say—

‘And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell,’

for I will not be hurried by any man, much less, by one ‘drest in a little brief authority.’”

Cobb looked quite disheartened, when the great man continued—“Sim, my dear boy, a glass of punch?”

The property man was all gratitude ; before, however, he sipped the liquor, he ventured to make one more appeal, urging the danger a further delay might cause.

“Avaunt !” cried Cooke, in his sharpest and shrillest tone—“one word more, and I’ll walk out of the theatre. Trapleigh, return the money to the discontented crew. I’ll none of it.”

The manager looked horror-struck at the idea of refunding,—fully agreeing with valiant Jack Falstaff, ‘that paying back, is a double labour.’

Fortunately for Trapleigh’s interest, and the public benefit, a simple remark made by a stripling, produced more effect than the urgent appeal of the manager and his property man. “Is Sir Archy as good a part as Shylock ?” I inquired, with boyish curiosity.

“I forgot—you shall see, and judge for yourself :” so starting up, he finished dressing, and, with a chuckle, said, in a strong Scotch dialect, “Vary weel, vary weel, hear what Sir Archy has to say.”

I lost no time in returning to the box ; and when the curtain drew up for the farce, the actor had so far recovered his senses, that, being perfectly ‘ up ’ in the part, as it is technically called, he went through it with the most consummate ability.

At the conclusion of the performance I crossed the stage, and shook hands with the great man.

“ I shall expect to see you in London, my boy,” said he. “ You must not judge of me, by my Shylock of to-night,—come to Covent Garden, to see it in perfection.”

“ I hope I shall,” I responded. Alas ! that expectation was never realized. I went to town for the Christmas holidays. On the 28th of December, Cooke was announced for Shylock, at Covent Garden Theatre, with the following cast: *Bassanio*, C. Kemble; *Gratiano*, Farley; *Shylock*, Cooke; *Portia*, Miss Norton; *Jessica*, Miss Bolton.

I easily prevailed upon my tutor to accompany me there ; and, having taken our seats

in the front row of the pit, we anxiously awaited the performance. "He'll not appear to-night," said an elderly gentleman who sat next to me. "So I fear," replied another. "What a degradation!" responded a third. After remaining in an awful state of suspense for more than half-an hour, an apology was made for Mr. Cooke, who had not made his appearance; and, amidst marks of disapprobation and tumult, Mr. Charles Kemble was permitted to go through the character.

For a length of time I could not drive the actor from my thoughts, and it was with grief and dismay that, a few years afterwards, I read the following announcement:—

'On the 26th of September, 1812, at New York, George Frederick Cooke breathed his last, aged fifty-seven years and five months.'

Thus ended the life of one gifted with the highest endowments, a warm heart, a generous nature, and a mind far above that usually allotted to mortals. Had he combined with

these advantages, prudence and good conduct, he would have been handed down to posterity as the brightest ornament the stage ever witnessed. Peace to his manes.

CHAPTER IV.

‘ I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o’erthrown ;
While to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop himself was outshone :
Or, as Lear, I pour’d forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived ;
Till fired by loud plaudits, and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.’

BYRON.

DURING the short dramatic summer season, independent of the performance already alluded to in the last chapter, I had prevailed upon my tutor to accompany me to the theatre upon two occasions, and had witnessed the representation of ‘ King Lear,’ and the ‘ Revenge.’ It is true

that the 'stock' tragedian of the company did not come up to the 'brilliant star' that had so dazzled and bewitched me; still the minor light was far from feeble, and delighted me to no small degree.

Can it be wondered, then, that the impression made upon my pliant mind increased rather than diminished? The histrionic art shortly became a passion; I could think and talk of nothing else—every leisure moment was devoted to Shakspeare—and I learnt the principal speeches of Shylock, Lear, and Romeo, by heart, and spouted them to Mrs. Miller, old Harry Arthur, James Morris, the groom, and whoever else was patient enough to listen to me.

The Jew was my favourite part. I had converted an old brown table-cover into the Hebrew gaberdine; I had made myself a beard from the stuffing of one of Farmer Dale's old cart-saddles; and, with a wooden knife, and a pair of scales, furnished by the carpenter, I strutted about on every holiday,

looking much more like a Monmouth-street old clothesman, than the Venetian money-lender.

Upon one occasion, when I had blackened my visage for the Moor, and had made a turban, and tunic of some striped blue-and-white calico, I was taken for a May-day sweep, and was called upon by some clods, to execute the shovel-and-broom dance. To render the performance attractive, I easily persuaded one of my cricketing companions, young Frank Grey, to read the other parts to me, or give me the 'cue,'—for I now began to understand all the Thespian 'slang;' and the long hall at Courtenay Manor, with a couple of screens as side-scenes, or a rural natural theatre of Scotch firs in the shrubbery,—with, as Quince says, 'the green plot for stage, and the hawthorn brake for our tiring-house,'—often witnessed our dramatic efforts, to the delight and astonishment of Frank Sewell, the huntsman's son, the butler, housekeeper, dairymaids gardener, foot-boy, groom, stable-lads, or any other spectators that we could press into our service.

Time passed on, and I had received many letters from my parents, as also a visit from the kind-hearted Mr. Ramsay, the purport of which was to ascertain my feelings with respect to my future life and profession. The army, and the navy were both open to me; and the worthy old stockbroker, who was commissioned by my father to get at my real sentiments, entered into a full and amiable detail as to the merits of the respective services, which detail he had gleaned from the opinions of two valuable friends, who had served with distinction under Abercrombie and Nelson, and who were now enjoying their well-earned half-pay, within a mile of the 'Willows.'

“Honour, courage, zeal, and implicit obedience to orders,” said my Mentor, “are the indispensable requisites for a soldier or sailor; and civilian as I am, it has often occurred to me, that they are equally imperative upon the citizen—honour, never to tell a falsehood or commit an ungentlemanlike act—courage to

meet the assault of *those enemies* from whom no one is free—zeal to do ‘heart,’ not ‘eye’ service to our employers—and implicit obedience to the laws of the land.”

In this strain would the old man proceed. At one moment, he could not refrain from alluding, with tears in his eyes, to the premature death of his darling son, and to the prospects he had entertained for him; then, without a murmur, would he meekly bow to the dispensation of an all-wise and inscrutable Providence. At another time, he would refer to his only daughter, and his hopes that he might see her happily settled in life before he was called to his last account.

Little did the speaker know, how deeply interested I felt in the latter subject; for, from my boyhood I had looked upon Ellen Ramsay as the most perfect of her sex. As this is no love-story, I will not dwell upon the romantic passion I had formed for her; suffice it to say, she was my ‘morning star of memory’—the object of my first attachment.

Anxious to talk over my future prospects with the companion of my youth, I proposed to pass a few days at the 'Willows,' during which time I promised to decide the important question. This suggestion was readily agreed to; and, as my tutor wished to go up to London on private business for a week, it was arranged that I should devote that time to my old friends near Coventry. Upon the following day this plan was put into execution; and at an early hour, a chaise and pair was at the door to convey Mr. Ramsay and myself to his residence. Before I left the Manor House, I ran over to the kennel to wish Frank Sewell good-bye, and to urge him to see every attention paid to my pony, King Pepin, during my absence.

"That will I," said the kind-hearted youth, who was the greatest 'chum' I had—the participator in all my pleasures,—the companion of all my frolics, and the sympathising friend to whom I could unburthen my troubles, great and small. "I'm sorry father's out,"

continued Frank—"he's gone over to see old Sam Wyatt, the earth-stopper; he's had a sad attack of illness, and is confined to his bed."

"Is there anything I can send him?" I responded. "Oh yes," I proceeded, "I will get Mrs. Miller, to make up a hamper of wine, arrowroot, and sago, and, if Farmer Dale will add a fowl or two, it will make the old man comfortable until next Wednesday, when I will get Mr. Ramsay to drive me over to see him at his cottage."

Frank Sewell promised to send a helper over with the fare, and took leave of me, but not before saying—

"Father has written to the Earl about a horse for you, Master Courtenay; for he will never rest satisfied until he gets you properly mounted."

I now hastened to execute my commission; and as Wyatt—who had been born and bred upon the estate—was an especial favourite with all classes, a most liberal contribution

was made for him, in the shape of flesh, fowl, wine, rice, and other nutritious condiments and buvables. The chaise was now at the door—a ricketty, rattling affair, with as much straw in it as would form a good stubble for a covey of partridges. No incident occurred upon the road; and shortly after twelve o'clock, we drove up to the 'Willows,' where we were most kindly welcomed by Mrs. Ramsay, and the blushing Ellen. The hours that I passed under the hospitable roof of my friends was one of the happiest periods of my life. Emancipated from the control of my tutor—about to enter into the world as my own master—in constant intercourse with my charmer, can it be wondered that the moments glided rapidly away? and when the day arrived that I was to return to Courtenay Manor, I felt as if I had not been absent a tenth part of the time.

Upon the evening previous to my intended departure, the subject of my future profession was again brought forward; and, although my

young adviser, Ellen, had strongly urged me to adopt a peaceful employment, I could not help imagining, with all the enthusiasm of youth, that the artless girl would be proud to see my name enrolled among the defenders of the country. I therefore—having heard the advantages and disadvantages of a military over a naval life, most freely discussed by two veteran friends of my host, both equally distinguished in their respective services—decided upon entering the army.

“As you have now, without any undue bias,” said Mr. Ramsay, “made your selection, it will be gratifying for you to know that your father will entirely approve of the step. I have a letter from Lord Courtenay, which only reached me this morning, saying that his old friend, General Havelock, has a vacancy in his regiment, and that he will strongly recommend you to the Commander-in-Chief for an appointment in it.”

“And what regiment is it?” anxiously inquired Ellen.

“The ——th, one of the finest corps in the service; at least so I am informed by Colonel Warburton,” responded the father; “but here he is, to answer for himself.”

The veteran who now entered the room, and whose loose right sleeve marked that he had been severely wounded in the service, was a brave soldier who had fought under Abercrombie. Superannuated in consequence of illness brought on in pestilential climates, and by the loss of his arm, he now enjoyed a miserable pittance from the country he had so nobly served; and although broken down by bodily infirmities, his mind still retained its power and vigour. After a friendly congratulation upon the choice I had made, the hearty colonel addressed me as follows—

“You are very fortunate, indeed, to get your name down for so fine a regiment as my friend Havelock’s. One battalion is on active service in Canada, and the other is at home. No corps in his Majesty’s service, God bless him!”—Warburton was loyal to the back bone

—"has seen more service than the gallant——th, as their colours, which you are shortly destined to carry, will convince you."

"Canada?" said Ellen, faintly.

"Yes, my bonnie lass," responded the colonel; "wherever danger is, there will you find the 'invincibles,' as their brave commander used to call them."

A hectic flush mantled the cheek of the young girl as she proceeded—

"But you say one battalion is in England?"

"Oh, yes, my dear—I rather think at Portsmouth. The recruit will have to join there."

Then turning to me, he added, grasping my hand—

"But you won't be your father's son if you do not volunteer for active service as soon as you are sufficiently drilled to know the duties of an officer."

Ellen's colour returned when she heard of my destination; and, happily for her, the advice tendered me by the old soldier did not reach her ears.

“ I forgot to add,” said Mr. Ramsay, “ that Mr. Taylor is left in London by a cause in Chancery, affecting his brother’s property ; and, as your father wishes you to commence as soon as possible your military duties, he suggests that you should remain here until his return home next month, placing yourself under the tuition of Sergeant Whittaker, of the Warwickshire Militia, now recruiting in Coventry.”

“ Whittaker is a fine fellow,” said the colonel. “ He served in Portugal and Spain, at Vimiera, Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes D’Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, and was awfully wounded at Badajoz. He is a brave soldier, and an admirable drill.”

This conversation was interrupted by the announcement of supper ; for in the days I write of, people kept earlier hours than they do at present, and did not postpone their dinner till near bed-time.

Deeply interesting as the gallant exploits of the ——th might have been to one inflamed with warlike ardour, I am ashamed to own

that the feeling uppermost in my mind was to ascertain the colour of the facings and the lace of the regiment I was about to enter. My blooming Ellen seemed, from some secret degree of sympathy, to enter into my ideas; for, upon taking my arm to lead her to the supper-room, she playfully said—

“I hope the ——th have a pretty uniform, and not those odious orange facings that the 35th have.”

“You must ask Colonel Warburton,” I replied; “and the purse you have promised me shall be of the regimental colours.”

No sooner had we taken our seats at table, than Ellen Ramsay made the necessary inquiry.

“Buff facings, my child,” responded the veteran, “and gold lace—one of the neatest uniforms in the service. The buff always looks clean, and a little coloured pipe-clay renovates it if at all soiled.”

“Then Philip must have a watch-ribbon of that colour,” said Mrs. Ramsay; and I commissioned you, my dear Ellen, to purchase him one.”

I ought here to remind my readers that gold chains and Albert guards were not in fashion in the days when the third George reigned; and a broad watered-silk ribbon was a necessary appendage to every gentleman's watch.

“And I will work Philip a pair of muffatees and a purse,” said the girl—“red and buff.”

“And I have a small silver flask, which was my constant companion in every campaign,” exclaimed the veteran, determined not to be out-done in generosity; “I will have a buff cord attached to it, and present it to our young friend. Many a poor fellow's life has been saved with a drop of spirit and water when he was lying wounded, with parched lips, on the field of battle.”

“And what can I do?” inquired Mr. Ramsay. “But that is too weighty a matter to despatch so summarily; so I must take time to consider. In the meantime, let me propose to you a toast and a sentiment—‘Colonel Warburton and the British Army; may Gallantry and Humanity go hand-in-hand together.’”

The veteran rose to return thanks, modestly alluding to his own services, and throwing out hints for a young officer's conduct in barracks and the field. He concluded by proposing a bumper toast to the health of the new aspirant for military glory.

I pass over the remainder of this delightful evening—this ‘bright, bright spot in memory’s waste.’

The mornings were now devoted to drill; and the rest of my time was passed with Ellen Ramsay, talking over dreams of happiness that were not doomed to be realised. One day, I had walked with her into Coventry rather earlier than usual; and as we approached the Town Hall, I saw Sergeant Whittaker in close conversation with the corporal of another regiment, to whom he was evidently pointing me out. Three country lads, with red and buff ribbons in their hats, attracted my attention; and I was about to cross over the street, to ascertain into what regiment they had enlisted, when both the non-commissioned officers drew up, and

formally saluted me, making the 'clods' stand at 'attention'—which they did by turning their toes in, giggling at one another, and pulling their forelock down with a nod like a Chinese mandarin.

“Would you like to see the *Gazette*, Sir?” asked the well-trained disciplinarian, in a tone so different from that in which he usually addressed me that I could not make out the reason for the sudden change. I looked at him in the hopes of an explanation, when, instead of treating me as a boy, and calling me Master Philip, he continued—

“Perhaps, Mr. Courtenay, you would like to dispense with this morning's drill?—you have probably received a letter from the Horse Guards?”

This was all Greek to me ; for I had received no communication, nor was I in expectation of any. The mystery was shortly afterwards solved by Ellen, whose quick eye had glanced over the newspaper the sergeant had given me, and who, at the first sight of it, saw that I was gazetted to the ——th regiment.

“Corporal Stallard belongs to your corps, Ensign Courtenay,” said Whittaker; “he has just enlisted some fine young fellows for it.”

Again the corporal saluted me, and in return I made some common-place remark; when, being anxious to convey the unexpected intelligence to Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, and to receive the official document from the Commander-in-Chief’s department, I availed myself of the proposition of my military preceptor for a holiday.

Just as we reached the ‘Willows,’ we were met by the hospitable owner of it, bearing in his hand a large packet, directed to me as ‘Ensign the Honourable Philip Courtenay,’ with ‘On His Majesty’s Service’ in conspicuous letters. I tore open the paper, and found it contained my commission, made out on parchment, and signed by the king himself.

To adopt a popular phrase—this was one of the proudest moments of my life; for although I had expected in due course of time to receive

my appointment, I did not anticipate it at so early a period. After the warmest congratulations upon all sides, I proposed to Ellen that we should walk over to Colonel Warburton's, to inform him of the circumstance. The gallant veteran cordially shook me by the hand, and placing his spectacles before his eyes, now dimmed with age and infirmity, he pored over the *Gazette*, making comments upon the names of all those he was personally acquainted with, or whose services had been conspicuous.

“I congratulate you, my dear boy,” said he—“Ensign Courtenay, I mean. I see Colonel Douglas has been appointed to your regiment. I thought he would not be satisfied to remain long in inactivity; he is one of the best officers in his Majesty's service—you could not be under a finer fellow.”

I expressed my delight, when Warburton continued—

“Douglas's late regiment is in the East Indies. I knew honest ‘Jock’ would soon

effect an exchange : I heard as much last week, from an old comrade. You are, indeed, fortunate to have got into so good a regiment, and under so excellent an officer."

Upon the following morning, I tried to 'pump' the drill-sergeant as to the character of the corps and the major then in temporary command ; but I could elicit nothing, except that the ——th bore the highest reputation, and that the major had been brought up in a good school. Sergeant Whittaker was too discreet a soldier to speak disrespectfully of his superiors, or he might have told me a tale that would have taken much from the delight I then experienced at the prospect of joining my regiment. He concluded, however, by assuring me that Colonel Monteith, then in Canada with the first battalion, and Colonel Douglas, lately gazetted to the second, were men of the most unblemished honour, and that they were respected and loved by all ranks, from the field-officers down to the drummer-boy.

This intelligence delighted me not a little; and I now not only felt happy at belonging to so distinguished a regiment, but had even a greater gratification when I thought of my uniform. I had quite satisfied my mind that scarlet, buff, and gold were the most tasteful and harmonious of colours; and if I had required any further proof, it would have been found in the effect produced upon the æsthetic sensibilities of milliners' apprentices and maid-servants by Corporal Stallard, of 'ours,' when in his Sunday guise he strutted up and down the High-street, the 'observed of all observers.'

CHAPTER V.

‘ Alas ! I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days :
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !
How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !’

C. LAMB.

THERE is an indescribable, mournful pleasure in reverting to the companions of our youth, and we are still old-fashioned and perhaps unworldly enough, to have juvenile feelings and strong associations spring up in our minds upon such occasions. The death of an associate of one’s boyish days especially calls forth from the heart many a kindly feeling that has

been from time to time imperceptibly stored there—past acts of attachment—bygone feelings of kindness—temporary matters of interest—all rise up to the memory in the freshness of their first impression : such impressions wake up the recollection of early dreams, of hopes gone by, of joys never again to return. Alas, for the brilliant imaginations of our youth ! bright and beautiful as they are, they wither away. These melancholy reflections completely absorbed every thought when the mournful event to which I am about to refer took place.

A large party had assembled, during the Christmas holidays, to welcome my father back to Courtenay Manor. Christmas, that inclement but hospitable season, when good fellowship is more keenly and uninterruptedly enjoyed than ever, when the nipping frost without, makes our roaring fires and kindly sympathies burn brighter within. This happy season was kept up with the good old customs of our ancestors (albeit the feudal grandeur

had in other respects decayed), and was revered by all classes, not alone as a season of solemn festival, but as one of jocund mirth. The crowded halls were enlivened with the busy hum of men ; the tables groaned beneath the smoking sirloin ; the mistletoe bough furnished much merriment among the rustic beauties of the neighbourhood—all, all, was joy and happiness.

Having appeared in the *Gazette* as an Ensign in the —th, I was now emancipated from my tutor's control, and for the first time was permitted to dine at the table with the assembled guests, instead of taking up my usual post at the side-board, with other school-boys and 'hobbledehoys.' Never shall I forget the pride with which I tendered my arm to a young lady to conduct her to the dining-room : no peacock ever strutted with more self-sufficiency than did I upon that occasion. I will not stop to present to my readers the party who surrounded the festive board—alas !

‘ Of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,
How few survive—how few are beating now?’

Of the ‘ roof-tree,’ I have only to say—need I say more?—that he was a genuine sample of the olden time—a good soldier, a plain, honest, kind-hearted English gentleman, a staunch fox-hunter, and a true sportsman in every sense of the word.

“ You will hunt to-morrow, I presume?” said my neighbour, Miss Clairville.

I answered in the negative.

“ I must speak to your father to get you a mount,” she continued; “ and I hope for your sake we shall have a run. Hunting and soldiering,” she proceeded, “ ought to go hand in hand together. Lord Wellington encouraged his officers in India to follow the chase, so as to render them hardy, quick, and persevering; and I hear he will soon have a pack of hounds in Spain.”

“ I am told some of *ours*,” I responded, (thus early adopting the regimental phrase-

ology), “are very good across the country; but I shall know more next month, as I join my regiment at Portsmouth on the 10th.”

In this strain the conversation was carried on during dinner, and I received many a valuable suggestion from this lady, who combined great beauty of person with a most accomplished mind. Emily Clairville was a standing toast at every fox-hunter’s table throughout the country. She was a thorough sports-woman, charmed with the music of the chase, one who was damped by no disappointment, checked by no difficulties, terrified by no examples: superior to all sense of danger, she flew over hedge and ditch with amazing temerity, and gallantly followed the hounds after many first-rate lords of the creation had cried ‘hold, enough!’ No county in England ever produced a finer horsewoman, or a better rider to hounds, than this graceful Harpalyce of modern days.

“Bring another magnum of Sneyd,” exclaimed the host, as our party (from the

absence of the ladies), now reduced to ten, gathered round the horse-shoe mahogany, before a bright crackling wood fire; “and, Stephens, put a little dash of cayenne on the next toasted biscuit.” The well-trained butler withdrew, and speedily returned, brushing the cobwebs from the neck of a bottle, whose rotundity vied with the enormous paunch of its bearer.

The primitive veteran was a fine specimen of a class of domestics, who in the present days of innovation will soon cease to exist. He had succeeded Harry Arthur, who had been placed on the pension list, and had lived in the family nearly half a century; looking with as much affection upon the members of it, as if they were his own relations.

With a countenance beaming with good nature and cheerfulness, Stephens proceeded to give fresh glasses, and carefully to decant the magnum: the cork was drawn, and an odour sweeter than the perfume of a ‘bank of violets,’ stole into the air. Ample justice was

done to the sparkling juice of the grape, the bottle went its round with unfailing regularity, was speedily drained, and as speedily replenished; every glass was filled to the brim; for, alas! temperance was not one of the virtues of that day.

My father's health was proposed amidst a triple peal of shouts and acclamations; this was followed by a bumper toast to 'Ensign Courtenay,' and the gallant corps to which I had recently been appointed. No oblation made by the votaries of the rosy monarch of the vine, could be performed with more ceremony, or inspire greater satisfaction. Spirits rose with each sparkling draught—every one felt a wonderful inclination to take a leading part in the conversation, carrying out the principle of Horace—" *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* "

The discourse then turned upon the 'noble science,' and a gallant run of the previous day. Every minute incident was told and re-told. One boasted that his horse had cleared a gate

of six feet, with an awkward grip on the further side—another had taken a brook of greater extent than ever was taken before, thirty-three yards and a half—a third had set the entire field at a rasping bullfinch. The ‘landlord’s bottle’ was now called for. “Ah, this is the genuine Sneyd, vintage 1800, six years in bottle!” exclaimed an enthusiastic young descendant of Milesius, whose *patronymic*, Terence O’Donnell, was always dropped for the *sobriquet* of the ‘Blazer;’—“it would make the strictest Mussulman forswear his creed!”

At this moment the old Huntsman, Tom Sewell, was announced, and our noble host, presenting him with a bumper of port (for Tom hated everything French), rose, and said, “Let us drink to Tom Sewell and fox-hunting; fill your glasses—hip, hip, hurrah!”

“Tom Sewell and fox-hunting,” echoed the party.

“Arrah, now,” cried the ‘Blazer,’ “they could not show us such a run as we had yes-

terday, in ould Ireland, although it was only five-and-forty minutes."

"Upon my word, these youngsters provoke me with their 'onlys,'" replied the warm-hearted huntsman. "In my young days half that time was considered quite 'entertainment enough both for man and horse.'"

Tom was about to leave the room, when I ran forward, and inquired after a favourite hound, called 'Chanticleer,' which had been ridden over the previous day by a young 'middy' about to join his ship at Plymouth; who, on the principle of the gallant Nelson, that 'every man was expected to do his duty,' had done his, by riding as if he was determined to kill the fox himself, thus leaving the hounds little to do for themselves.

"Thank ye, thank ye, Master Philip, Chanticleer's doing well," replied Sewell, whose maxim was, 'love me, love my dog;' "but you'll be out to-morrow, a sure find—Ufton Wood."

I pleaded many reasons; although the first

would have struck most persons to have been an efficient one, namely, not having a horse to ride.

Tom looked sly, and then said, "Get on your boots; *she's come*, and if *she* aint quite fit, you shall ride 'Black Bess'" (a favourite hack of his), "and my young 'un shall stay at home. So set your mind at ease, and be at the kennel by eight."

Before the evening was over, I found that Tom's statement was perfectly correct. For some weeks I had urged on my indulgent parent to allow me to have a hunter from Warwick—one that was let out at thirty shillings per diem, and who had been *in* and *over* every ditch, and topped or gone through every fence in the county. The dealer had been desired to send over to Courtenay Manor his best hunter for a fortnight, and two days before the dinner above described the animal had arrived. 'Warwickshire Lass,' thoroughbred as Eclipse, by Driver, out of a Gohanna mare, warranted sound, exceedingly handsome,

free from vice, a fast galloper, and undeniable good fencer. So the pedigree and character went, which had been duly received from Frank Matson, who, in addition, assured my father that he had bought the mare expressly for the young officer.

I will not attempt to describe my delight: I ran first to my mother's room, to tell her the news; then to the housekeeper's; then to the pantry; then to my own apartment, to look over my paraphernalia for the chase; I had some idea of going to the stable, but, deterred by the lateness of the hour, I went to bed, where I dreamt of horses, hounds, Warwick, Tom Sewell, and Ufton Wood.

Acting upon the old proverb that 'it's the early bird that picks the worm,' I was up at six o'clock, for Sewell was one of the old 'peep-o'-day' boys. With what rapturous delight did I accoutre myself for the chase! It forms one of the happiest reminiscences of my youth. Never shall I forget the pride and satisfaction with which I made my

hunting toilet : a red coat, striped waistcoat, spotted silk neckcloth, white corduroys, unexceptionable top-boots, a long pair of *persuaders*, a whip that had taken my savings for many months to purchase, and a black cord attached to my hat, to defy the powers of old Boreas in any attempt to unroof me.

By seven o'clock, I found myself at the kennel, in a warm and comfortable parlour, decorated with foxes' brushes and other insignia of sport; a splendid cold round of beef, a formidable loaf of brown bread, new laid eggs, a jug of old October—constituted the morning's repast. Two large drinking cups—one, a silver-tipped horn, the other, a vixen's head in earthenware,—graced the board, while on a side table was the 'hissing urn,' and every preparation for that Chinese beverage, which Tom called 'cat-lap' "only fit," as he said, "for boarding-school mistresses and antiquated tabbies."

Old Tom was a man of tolerably frugal and temperate habits, as he was never known to

indulge in spirituous liquors ; it was however, a standing joke against him, that he was a great friend to the excise ; for according to his usual allowance of four quarts of home-brewed malt per diem, he had in forty-six years (we commence at his tenth year) drank 33,580 quarts, or two hundred and thirty-three barrels, amounting to the small item of nearly seven hundred pounds, had it been brewers' beer.

I was now all impatience to hear about my hunter, but Tom was silent, not liking to elate or 'knock me down' too much (as the case might be), with a description of the Warwickshire flyer.

"You'll find some *jumping draughts*, Master Philip, in that corner cupboard," said the huntsman ; "I myself never taste any strong waters."

Opening the cupboard I found sundry bottles, which on tasting proved to be shrub, cherry and orange brandy.

"Its time to be off now, Master Philip, I see Jem's brought your mare."

I ran out to the groom, who was leading a tall giraffe of an animal, that had evidently seen better days. 'Warwickshire Lass' reminded me strongly of Burns' Rosinante 'Jenny Gedes;' 'an auld ga'd gleyde o' a meere, wi' a stomack that wad hae digested tumbler-wheels, for she'd whip off five stim-parts o' the best oits at a down sittin', and ne'er fash her thumb.' Of her breeding there could be no doubt; I was rather sceptical as to her soundness; and as for her beauty I was compelled to content myself with the idea 'that handsome is as handsome does.' She was one of that class y'clped 'a rum one to look at—' whether or not 'she was a good one to go' remained to be proved. Of her speed I had considerable doubt, albeit she was a decided *speedy*-cutter; and as for her fencing, from the specimen she gave me at a small hurdle, she seemed to have as much idea of leaping as a clothes-horse.

In other respects she resembled her prototype Jenny, for when 'ane her ring-banes and

spavies, her crucks and cramps, were fairly soupl'd, she'd beat to, and aye the hindmost hour the tightest.'

I proceed to the chase. We soon found in Ufton Wood. "Yoicks! push him up!" cried Tom, in a tone—"Ah," as the song says, 'there never was a voice more sweet or melodious'—and the fox broke and would have gone away, had he not been headed by a gaping straw-yard savage, who 'whistled as he went, for want of thought.' The boor cried "Dang it, who'd ha thought it!" as he scared the wily animal back to the covert.

After some little time a gallant fox made for the open, in as good earnest as the most ardent lover of a good run could wish, giving a sharp burst to Long Itchinton, where a flock of sheep caused a check; but in a few minutes he was viewed stealing away, when 'tallyho!' was again heard, and the hounds ran breast high. He went straight towards Marton and Princethorpe.

"Now, Master Philip, cried Tom, "mind

you ride for the brush ; my young-un's going like mad to day, and you'll have some difficulty to beat him."

I pushed my hunter along ; the first obstacle was a flight of rails, with a ditch on the further side. The gallant old huntsman took it at a swing : determined not to be outdone, and having my mettle up, I stuck my spurs in, and (with shame be it spoken) holding fast by the mane, went at it at an awful pace ; the mare took the top bar with her knees, floundered, and defining a parabola in the air, I alighted in the ditch. To regain my legs and remount was the work of a second ; we came to the river from which Leamington takes its name ; like a second Lochinvar

'I stay'd not for brake, I stay'd not for stone,
But swam the *Leame* river where ford there was none.'

Somewhat damped in everything but courage, my next attempt was at a brook, 'full up to the brim,' where, according to Terence O'Donnell's account, "as a matter of course I became a candidate for 'Brooks,' and was ad-

mitted without opposition." Here young Sewell passed me, having cleared the water without a mistake; I saw triumph depicted in his countenance; so, nothing daunted I remounted, and, thanks to a momentary check, regained my place in the first flight. It was a good holding scent, the hounds were all together, carrying a fine head: short and sharp work was now expected.

"Pretty! capital!" shouted the old huntsman, as he saw his son and myself riding side by side.

We were now in a fine grass country, large inclosures, and terrific fences. Blood began to tell, the 'Warwickshire Lass' skimmed away like a swallow on the wing, while poor 'Black Bess' began to look a little distressed. "Give her a pull," cried the 'Blazer;' "if you take too much out of her now, you'll have nothing left for the finish."

I followed this excellent advice, and held the gallant animal fast by the head.

"There's young Sewell's mare will soon cry

‘bellows to mend,’ ” continued the young hard-riding Paddy.

We now passed Willenhall, and were rapidly approaching the river Sow. “Look out, Philip,” proceeded the ‘Blazer,’ “there’s a stiffish park paling; I’ll try a weak place; give me time and follow. Remember, lots of *powther*. Tally-ho! he’ll never reach the plantation.”

I eased my mare, so as to give my proposed leader a clear field, who, cramming his spurs into his horse’s flanks, charged the paling; fortunately for me it came down with a crash, and left an opening of which I immediately availed myself.

The ‘Blazer’ and myself were now left alone with the hounds, and we were inwardly congratulating ourselves upon our places, when a noise met his practised ears which completely changed the current of our thoughts.

“Some accident must have happened,” said the warm-hearted Irishman, “or Tom Sewell and Jem (the first whipper-in), must have been

up. I fancied I heard the sound of a heavy fall and a cry to stop the hounds ; something serious has occurred."

We now both simultaneously checked our horses, and trotting back to a spot about thirty or forty yards below where we had broke through the park paling, and which had been hid from us by a large clump of forest trees, a scene presented itself, that haunts my memory to the present day. On the ground, with his head supported by two sympathizing friends, lay extended a youth, in a state of perfect unconsciousness ; an elderly man, whose white locks waved in the breeze, was on his knees, fanning with his velvet cap the apparently lifeless countenance ; the first whipper-in, with lancet in hand, was waiting anxiously, but with patience, while his fellow-servant ripped open the sleeve of the prostrate object.

The rest of the field, with the exception of those who had galloped off to Rugby, Coventry and Warwick, for surgical assistance, were congregated in small parties, looking dismayed

and evidently devoid of hope. A horse with stiffened limbs, was being removed by some labourers; while two men, with a gate for a stretcher, were waiting to carry the lifeless corpse to a neighbouring cottage.

O'Donnell seeing at one glance that poor young Sewell had breathed his last, urged me to quit the melancholy scene, and accompany him to the Manor-house, there to break the sad tidings to his bereaved mother and sister.

As we were proceeding slowly and silently home, Farmer Dale overtook us, and described the accident as it occurred.

The unfortunate youth, finding 'Black Bess' a little distressed, had ridden her with such judgment, that she had quite recovered herself, and, gathering her well together, before he charged the park paling, would have got over it in perfect safety, had not a loose horse, which had thrown its rider at the last fence, galloped across the mare's track, causing her to swerve as she rose at the leap; the gallant animal, thus put out of her stride, touched the

fence with her knees, fell over it, and, coming in contact with a huge elm tree, that had been lately felled within the park, broke her own back, and rolling over her rider, deprived him of life. Such was the lamentable account given me of my early companion's unfortunate and premature death.

Tears, hot burning tears, rolled down my cheek, as I listened to the tale of misery and woe. The painful task of informing a kind and warm-hearted mother of the sudden demise of an affectionate son, now devolved upon me; and upon presenting myself before her, my heart palpitated so violently that I was unable to utter a single word.

"Why, what has happened, Master Philip?" inquired the matron; "you have over-fatigued yourself with the run—a glass of orange wine and a cake will do you good."

"Thank you, no no," I hastily replied, with bloodshot watery eyes.

"I hope you have got into no trouble?" continued the childless mother. "I hear from

Joe Starks that you had a burning scent; I trust you killed your fox, for the sake of sport as well as for my own—my hen-roost has suffered a good deal lately from these marauders.”

“ Oh ! Mrs. Sewell,” I exclaimed, with an agonizing burst of grief; “ poor, poor Frank!”

“ Frank! you alarm me—has he had a fall?—is he hurt?”

“ Alas, alas !” I replied, “ and the consequences may be—are, I mourn to say—fatal.”

Not a word escaped the mother, a deep sigh was alone heard—she remained mute and motionless. At this moment our heart-breaking conference was interrupted by the entrance of the wretched father: his look at once corroborated my statement. “ Mary,” sobbed the afflicted parent, “ we have lost our son, the delight of our days, the hope of our declining hours, the boy who never gave us a moment’s uneasiness ;”—here, poor Sewell was so overcome with sorrow that he could not utter another word.

“The brave, brave boy!—‘the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,’” proceeded Mrs. Sewell, in a voice scarcely audible; then, burying her face in her hands, uttered an indistinct prayer. After a time, the wretched mother, for the first time, found relief to her over-charged feelings in a flood of tears; then, taking that volume from the shelf which can alone comfort the mourner in the hour of distress, she turned to the severe trial of Abraham; she cried over the grief of the royal sufferer on the death of his beloved but rebellious Absalom—she dwelt on the temptations of the patient and holy Job. Religion now shed its influence over her mind—‘a still small voice’ whispered, ‘Weep not!’ ‘Yet, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.’ ‘To die is gain.’

Leaving the disconsolate parents to indulge in their holy meditations, I withdrew, and retired to the privacy of my own room,

where I soon found myself in a raging fever. Excitement and over-fatigue had mastered a weak frame, and for the next week I remained in a dangerous state ; youth, however, came to my aid, and in less than a fortnight I was pronounced to be in a state of convalescence ; during this brief period the remains of poor Frank Sewell had been consigned to the grave, amidst the lamentations of his friends.

Upon the morning of the funeral all labour was suspended, the whole of the rural population of Courtenay, and the adjoining parish attended the body to the place of interment ; the gentry, too, came forward to pay their tribute of respect to humble yet departed worth : and to judge of the feeling that was evinced by all classes upon the mournful occasion, a casual by-stander would have imagined that some great national calamity had taken place, and not merely the death of a simple, kind-hearted country youth.

The small village of Courtenay is by no means devoid of interest : its rural appearance, its

neatly white-washed houses, its comfortable inn, its festive maypole, its ivy-mantled towers, the gothic ornaments, the antique font, the curiously-carved seat, and door-way, still remaining, indicate that its foundation belongs to a very distant period. The churchyard, too, has a very striking appearance, the dark foliage of the pine trees by which it is surrounded forming a fine contrast with the gayer verdure around ; while the venerable yews spread a still more solemn shade over the turf that 'heaves in many a mouldering heap.'

Here, the remains of poor Frank Sewell had been deposited ; and, as I paid a pilgrimage to the spot which contained the mortal remains, my grief revived. Beside the grave knelt a venerable figure, her head hoary with age, and the falling tears glistened on her sunk and furrowed cheeks ; her hands were clasped with pious energy, while her broken voice emitted inarticulate lamentations.

As I approached she turned her hollow eyes upon me ; they sent forth a look of sadness

that quite appalled my heart, and again they were bent miserably upon the ground. It were a painful and thriftless task to follow the broken-hearted mother to her silent resting-place. There are two graves in the churchyard, lying together and alike; Mary Sewell, and Francis, her son, are side by side—the green turf grows equally on both—the village children sport over them—the careless passer-by heeds them not.

CHAPTER VI.

‘—————Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth.’

SHAKESPEARE.

THE death of the companion of my boyish days, and that of his bereaved mother, produced so great a shock upon my feelings, that I was not sorry when the time arrived for joining my regiment at Portsmouth. In the meantime, my thoughts had in some degree been diverted by the necessary preparations for home, or, perhaps, foreign, service. My uniforms had been ordered in London, to be ready for

me to try on in passing through ; my camp-bed and canteen had arrived at Courtenay Manor ; innumerable presents had been given to me by my relatives and friends ; and among them—not the least valued—was a thorough-bred mare, which Mr. Ramsay had sent me, and which, as a matter of course, was duly named ‘ Fair Ellen.’

The day previous to my departure had arrived ; I had devoted the whole of the morning to the object of my first passion ; we had exchanged love-tokens—but I will spare my readers a description of the parting scene, in which I lavished every flattering epithet upon my charmer ; and, with the glowing imagination of a youth still in his teens, vowed eternal constancy. Upon my return to the Manor-house, my father sent for me, and in the most affectionate strain gave me advice worthy of a Christian parent. My mother, too, in eloquence such as can only come from the heart of a woman to the offspring of her vows, addressed every feeling of my nature.

How often, in after days—amidst the anguish, strifes, and conflicts of mortal life—have the tenderness and care of that gentle being passed in review before me ! How have I reflected upon opportunities lost—upon faculties perverted ! ‘How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof!’ To resume : the remainder of the day was passed in leave-taking; and, if good wishes could have prevailed, the kind aspirations breathed for my spiritual and temporal welfare would have rendered me a good and happy mortal.

At eight o’clock the following morning, the Birmingham and London coach pulled up at the lodge gate, and amidst the cordial shaking hands of friends I took my seat on the box. The journey was dull and tedious ; for in those days the heavy “ Brummagem ” carried six inside and twelve out ; and was not much faster than one of Pickford’s modern vans. ‘Twenty minutes allowed here, gentlemen, for dinner!’ exclaimed the coachman of the Highflyer, as we drove up to the Sugarloaf at Dunstable.

What a scene of confusion ensued ! Bells ringing ; ostlers halloing ; waiters running. ‘ Please to alight, ladies and gentlemen,’ said the landlord, addressing the six ‘ insides ;’ while the ostler, bringing a somewhat crazy ladder, made a similar request to the twelve ‘ outsides.’

The day had been miserable — incessant rain, with a biting easterly wind, accompanied by sleet, which, of course, gave the facetious ‘ dragsman’ an opportunity of indulging in his stock jocosities upon ‘ heavy *wet*’ and ‘ cold without.’ After a little delay the passengers entered the best parlour, anticipating a warm reception, and those creature comforts which all travellers (especially coach travellers) look forward to with so much delight. But here the legal adage, that ‘ possession is nine points of the law,’ was not realised, nor was Shenstone’s eulogium on his ‘ welcome at an inn’ at all borne out. The new-comers found every seat near the fire occupied, while a soiled table-cloth, covered with fragments of

food and a tray of empty glasses, furnished evident proof that another dinner had recently been discussed.

“Waiter ! waiter !” shouted half-a-dozen voices. A slip-shod servant man entered. “Where’s the dinner ?” inquired the shivering, half-drenched passengers.

“Beg pardon, gentlemen ; the Independent was rather late today — Highflyer in early.”

This colloquy was put an end to by the entrance of a portly man, with a Bardolph countenance, a low-crowned hat, a Belcher handkerchief, and a huge caped ‘upper Benjamin.’

“Ladies and gentlemen, the time’s up for the Independent.”

Then commenced the process of cloaking, shawling, great-coating, and paying ; and after sundry anathemas against the ostler for allowing the seats to get drenched, and a few precautionary notices—“Sit fast !” “Hold tight !” “All right !” the Independent started.

The Highflyers now took possession of the fire; and, ten minutes having elapsed, the landlady made her appearance, attended by sundry ‘helps’ bearing dishes with tin covers. The latter were soon removed, and displayed scalding meagre-soup, a coarse fat leg of mutton, a very tough beef-steak, potatoes—hot without and hard within—and some gritty cabbages.

“A slice of mutton for a lady,” said the waiter, approaching a stout gentleman who was helping himself to that part of the mutton so much prized by *gourmands*, called the ‘pope’s eye.’ His knife changed its direction, and he filled the lady’s plate with a less orthodox ration.

“Please, sir, a little fat,” continued the waiter, “and some more gravy,” added the persevering attendant, looking to an extra fee from an old *stager*, who invariably sent his demands as from ‘a lady.’ Numerous other applications were made to the carver, who, disgusted with his arduous post, helped himself to the

luxury he had coveted, and requested the waiter to carve for the rest of the company. ‘*Tempus fugit*,’ especially time devoted to pleasure, and none of the party were aware how fast the hour-glass. had run, until the entrance of the coachman, who informed them that the twenty minutes were up, and that he went no farther. Up started the *bon-vivant*—

“Coachman, the time can’t be up. I haven’t eaten a morsel.”

“Two minutes over, sir,” replied the driver.

“Abominable!” continued the first speaker; “’tis a regular imposition.”

Shakspeare asks, ‘Who riseth from a feast with that keen appetite that he sits down?’ The Bard of Avon could never have dined at a coach dinner.

Then commenced another scene of bustle and confusion—scrambling for great coats, cloaks, shawls, umbrellas, and ringing for waiters to bring brandy-and-water that had been ordered at least ten minutes before. The *spirits* would not obey the summons,

although summoned from the vasty depth of—the cellar. Then, when half-crowns or shillings were tendered to the coachman, as a matter of course he had ‘never such thing as change.’ Another summons, ‘The Highflyer just going to start!’ and lo! the waiter appears with a tray containing ‘one cold without, ‘four hots with,—‘two warm sugar and no fruit,’ and ‘three with the chill off.’

Fortunate was the owner of the cold beverage, for no one could have swallowed the scalding potations, which were left as perquisites to the fraternity of ‘Coming, sir’s!’ Amidst the varied tongues of the establishment, ‘Please to remember the waiter, sir!’ ‘Didn’t take for your dinner, ladies!’ ‘A glass of brandy, ma’am!’ ‘A basin of soup and a pint of sherry gone away without paying!’ ‘Chamber-maid,’ ‘Miss!’ ‘Ostler!’ ‘Sir!’ ‘Get me some dry straw—there’s a shilling!’ ‘All right, sir—Sam, bring the gentleman a truss!’ Before the order could be obeyed, the coachman exclaimed ‘Let ’em go, Jem—

I've got 'em !' and the Highflyers bowled away at the rate of six miles an hour.

It was 'past ten o'clock and a cloudy night' (as the sonorous tone of the sleepy guardian of the watch informed us), before we arrived at the Bell Inn, Holborn, from whence I transported myself into a lumbering hackney-coach, and proceeded to Long's Hotel, in Bond Street, at that time the fashionable rendezvous for all young military heroes. After two day's residence at this far-famed house, during which brief period, my bill more than exceeded a month's pay, I took my leave, and at six o'clock on a fine summer morning, found myself at the Old White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Portsmouth Regulator from its point of starting in the City.

After a look of horror from the coachman at the quantity of luggage about to be stowed away on the roof, and in the boot, I jumped up on the front seat, and then contemplated the animated scene around me. What a confusion ! what a Babel of tongues ! the tumult,

the noise, the hurry, the bustle! People hurrying hither and thither; some who had arrived too soon, others too late. There were coaches and carriages, and vans, and carts, and barrows; porters hurrying, *touters* swearing, *cads* elbowing, coachmen wrangling, passengers grumbling, men pushing, women scolding; trunks, portmanteaus, hat-boxes, carpet-bags, band-boxes, strewn the pavement; orange-merchants, cigar-merchants, umbrella-merchants, dog-merchants, sponge-merchants, proclaiming the superiority of their various wares; pocket-knives with ten blades, a cork-screw, button-hook, punch, picker, lancet, gimblet, gun-screw, fleam, and a saw; trouser-straps, four pairs for a shilling; silver watch-guards, 'cheap, cheap, very cheap;' patent pens, and *never-pointed* pencils, twelve for sixpence; Bandana handkerchiefs that had never seen foreign parts, to be *given* away for an old hat; London sparrows painted, as the coachmakers say, "yellow bodies," passed off as canaries, although 'their native wood-notes wild' had

never been heard out of the sound of Bow bells ; ill-shaped curs, ' shaven and shorn,' and looking, like the priest in the nursery story, ' all forlorn,' painted, powdered, and decked with red collars or blue ribbons, assumed the form of French poodles, who ' could do everything but speak.'

Members of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge were hawking literature at the lowest rate imaginable ; last year's *h*annuals, at the small charge of one shilling, the *h*engravings would double the money to *h*any *h*amateur ; the Prophetic Almanac, neatly bound, half-a-crown (the stamp-duty not having been repealed in the days I write of) ; an account-book, containing one hundred pages of letter-paper, sixpence ; ballads, one half-penny each ; and the last dying speeches of the numerous malefactors that then expiated their crimes at Tyburn or the Old Bailey, for a penny ; the remainder of the group, consisting of perambulating piemen, coachmen out of place, apothecaries' boys with glazed hats and

wicker baskets, lounging about, although sent on errands of life and death, country clods, town trampers, gaping, talking, and wondering; the din occasionally interrupted by a street organ, the trampling of cattle, the bellying of goaded oxen, the creaking noise of a market-cart, or the music of a guard's horn.

At length, as my companions (two weather-beaten tars) remarked, 'the skipper having stowed his jawing tacks,' we got 'under weigh,' and, after a tedious journey, drove up to the door of the George Inn, Portsmouth. During the somewhat lengthy process of unloading the coach, hiring a van to transport my effects to my new quarters, I lay before the reader a *Daguerreotype* likeness of the commanding officer, who, in the temporary absence of Colonel Douglas, was ruling over the destinies of the gallant ——th.

Major Prowle was one of the greatest martinets in the British service; he was of rather diminutive stature, with a strong muscular frame, a short neck, rubicund countenance, and

sandy-coloured hair, always cut close according to regulation. If any one had been desired to select the most likely subject throughout the realms for an apoplectic fit, the choice would have fallen on the above-mentioned gallant officer; for not only did his natural appearance portend that calamity, but the chances were increased by the ungovernable temper to which he too often gave way.

One of the seven sages of Corinth has left a maxim on record, which it would have been well for the Major to have followed:—*Χόλου κράτει*—^{*}‘Be master of thy anger.’ It would have saved him from all the humiliation of having to offer reparation for injuries done, or from the hardened alternative of having to justify himself when in the wrong. It is true, that this passionate son of Mars usually vented his fury upon those under his control, more especially upon his servants; but occasionally by some sudden transport, the Major would find himself involved in what Sir Lucius O’Trigger calls ‘a very pretty quarrel,’ and from

which (as the gallant officer was brave as a lion) it was difficult to extricate himself. Upon reaching the barracks, I reported myself to the Adjutant, at the orderly-room, and then for the first time, found myself in the presence of the formidable commanding officer.

“I’d have you to know, sir,” said the Major, addressing one of his men, whose appearance showed he had just come out of one of those cells, called the ‘black hole,’ “that such conduct is unworthy a soldier of his Majesty’s ——th ; and——” (here followed a dreadful imprecation) “if it happens again, I’ll have you up to the halberds ; and”—turning to a young officer, “I’d have you to know, sir,” (this was a favourite phrase of the irate Major’s) “that I think the discipline of the grenadier company very faulty—very faulty indeed, sir ! and”—here another expression which we cannot mention, at least ‘to ears polite,’ was delivered.

During the above harangue I was standing, not at what the soldiers call ‘at ease,’ for I felt

quite awed at the rage of this red-coated tiger. After a little pause, Lieutenant Cludde (so the Adjutant was called) approached, and in due form presented me to the Major, who eyed me from head to foot; I had encased myself (dressed I could not call it) in my best military frock coat, regimental trousers, sword, sash, and foraging-cap, and never having had a dress rehearsal of the part, found myself very ill at ease. My black silk stock nearly *garotted* me; the hooks and eyes of my collar seemed to have had a difference of opinion, and would not hold together; my sword-belt would get out of its proper position, I know not whether I had shrunk with fear; my sword would dangle between my legs. After a very courteous, although rather stiff reception, the Major requested me to follow him to the mess-room, where he would introduce me to my brother officers.

“Unanimity is the motto of our corps,” said my conductor—a sentiment I very soon found out was not acted up to, as far as he was con-

cerned, for a more disunited body never existed. "Lieutenant Cludde, you will appoint Ensign Courtenay to Captain Hornidge's company, and let him attend the usual drill.—Rather too tall for His Majesty's ——th," continued the martinet, aside, for he always considered his own 'pocket-size' as the perfection of symmetry.

"Rather, Major," echoed the well-drilled subaltern, who I soon discovered was a toady of the highest order to his superior. As we entered the mess-room, the buzz of conversation that had caught my ears, suddenly ceased; a look went round the whole party there assembled, who at once rose and saluted their chief. A formal introduction then took place, the coldness of which almost petrified me; I looked at my captain's countenance, and the first glance made me think it was rather a forbidding one. In a short time the Major and his 'shadow,' Lieutenant Cludde, left the room, but not before the former had addressed a sentry from the window, saying:—

“A very slovenly walk! I’d have you to know, sir, that’s not the way we like to have duty done in the ——th.”

“Very slovenly!” responded the Adjutant.

No sooner had the two disciplinarians taken their leave, than the life and spirit of the party were restored; the young officers flocked round me, offering every civility and attention, while the senior ones (most especially my own captain, whose physiognomy I had cruelly belied,) paid me the greatest courtesy.

“What say you to some luncheon?” asked young Belward, who I found was my brother ‘sub.’ “We generally have it about this hour.”

Before I could reply, the bell had been rung and answered.

“What have you got, Higgins?” inquired the youth.

“A nice cold round of boiled beef, sir; ham, tongue, and a pig’s face.”

“Well, you may as well bring all you have, and some hot potatoes for Mr. Courtenay, Lieutenant Sunderland, and myself.”

“Allow me to be of the party?” said my captain, evidently anxious to get better acquainted with his newly-joined ensign.

“Captain Hornidge will also have luncheon. Bring me a pint of Scotch ale. Every one must order his own drink.’

Higgins the messman retired, and shortly sent his assistant-waiter to lay the cloth. This done, the eatables were produced, and were of the most tempting order. A merrier party never sat down to a more agreeable meal.

“We dine at half-past six,” said my captain, “and if you are for a stroll through the town, I am at your orders at three o’clock. In the meantime I will select a batman for you, and will send him to your room.”

To both of these propositions I gladly and gratefully assented; and Belward having shown me to my quarters, I waited there in breathless anxiety for the appearance of my servant, it being the first time that I found myself a master of one. In the mean time, I cast a look round my apartment, which was a tolerably-

sized one, fronting the parade. The furniture was alone remarkable for its simplicity : a deal table, two wooden chairs, and an iron coal-box were all that it consisted of. A knock at the door, very much like that given by the marble statue in Don Giovanni, when the ghostly intruder arrives as an unexpected guest to supper, was heard.

“Come in !” I exclaimed ; and in a second, a man made his appearance, equipped in a fatigue-dress.

“Private Hargreaves, of Captain Hornidge’s company,” said the soldier, saluting me at the same time ; “I’m ordered to act as your batman, sir.”

“Very well,” I responded, attempting to return the military compliment, quite forgetful that I had no hat or cap upon my head.

“There are my keys.”

In a short time my bed and camp furniture were unpacked, and properly fixed, and everything looked very comfortable. Another knock was heard, and Belward made his ap-

pearance; Hargreaves now retired, having received my orders to attend me at six o'clock.

Inexperienced as I was, it did not require much penetration to discover, that Frank Belward was one of the most open-hearted creatures in the world, possessing a good share of sound judgment, which his light and off-handed style of conversation, did not give the casual observer any idea of; the more keen looker-on, would, however, easily trace a foundation of solid sense amidst the effervescence of his sparkling talents.

“You must be careful of the Major,” he said; “and always bear in mind that he is ready to explode at any minute. Smoking a mild Havannah on a barrel of gun powder, is about a parallel. The slightest want of caution may blow you to atoms.”

I thanked him for his advice. He proceeded rather abruptly, as I thought, to ask me whether I understood zoology. To this I gave a negative, never having studied in those days that admirable work by Broderip, which has

since given me so much delight, and which I strongly recommend to the notice of all my readers, as the most perfect 'recreations' extant.

"I was about to give you an insight into Lieutenant Cludde's character," continued Frank; "and was anxious to know, whether you had ever read Buffon; for that most enlightened authority gives so graphic a description of the *adjutant*-bird, that it looks as if he had *ours* and not the feathered foreigner in view. The natural historian writes as follows:—

" 'In its appearance there is some singularity. There is no hair on the head, which looks as if it were made of wood; and this oddity is heightened by the eyes seeming to be set in it, as if without lids or any cartilaginous appendages. The legs are long and slender.' "

I could not resist smiling at this extraordinary and certainly correct likeness.

" 'This bird is a native of Botany Bay,' " continued Belward, still quoting Buffon. "Now,

it is far from my wish to insinuate that Cludde is, or ever deserves to be connected with that settlement—so there my sketch fails, but in other respects it is true to life.”

After a pause, Belward proceeded.

“Cludde toadies the Major to an alarming extent, and encourages, rather than checks, his imperious disposition. ‘Sure such a pair were never seen, so justly formed to meet by nature’—or rather ill-nature; and the result is that we have long since refrained from all intercourse with him—except, of course, on points of duty.”

In reply, I lamented this disunion among the gallant ——th, and asked my new acquaintance what line I had better adopt.

“Do not be deceived by any specious manner,” he replied, “to get on intimate terms with the Adjutant, for, as our chief says, ‘I’d have you to know’ he would turn upon you like a tiger. Do your duty, and treat him with that courtesy due to a brother officer.”

At this moment the stentorian voice of the

Major was heard in the barrack-yard, rating, as usual, some unfortunate man who had fallen under his displeasure.

“Oh!” that’s not a very serious affair,” said my companion, “it’s the major’s private servant, Pat Mahoney, adopting the principle of the domestics of the Earl of Dorset, who, according to Prior, ‘used to put themselves in their master’s way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he had made them suffer;’ before I finish my catalogue raisonnée, I must say one word for our captain, who is a thorough gentleman, and an excellent officer. He insists upon every one doing his duty, and himself sets the example, by never flinching from his. The moment we are free he enters into all our fun: he is a good shot, a forward rider, an expert fisherman, and up to every manly amusement; and as punctuality is his motto—without which, as he says, neither duty, business, nor pleasure can be carried on, I am reminded it is near three, so you must be off.”

With this tolerably good insight into the characters of those I ought to avoid, and those I ought to seek, I hastened to the mess-room, where I found Captain Hornidge ready to accompany me in a walk through the garrison.

Portsmouth, in the days I write of, was very different to what it is at the present time.* The excitement, interest, and bustle of war, contrast greatly with the monotony, quiet, and dulness of peace. Who that strolls down the High Street, or wanders to the common-hard, and sees the deserted look of the town, the desolation of the hotels, the dulness that prevails in the streets, the prison-like look of the middy's happy retreat, the Blue Posts, the absence of men-of-war, could picture to himself that eight-and-thirty years ago, all was life and activity, boats were plying on every side, signals flying, ships saluting—the George, Crown, and Fountain swarming with colonels and majors of the army, admirals of all colours

* This was written before the war with Russia had commenced.

like the *un, deux, cinq* balls—red, white, and blue; commodores and captains trotting about the town, and ‘reefers’ just emancipated from school, seeing as much ‘life’ on shore, as the Point and Blue Posts could procure for them?

Then, independently of these, jovial soldiers and sailors, regiments of cavalry and infantry, were constantly embarking, many, alas! to leave their bones in a foreign country. All was animation and spirit, enlivened occasionally by a ‘bailiff race,’ for many a young spendthrift received notice not to quit his ‘vaterland,’ as the German call it, at the suit of two most disagreeable, yet well-known personages, John Doe and Richard Roe.

How often did it happen that a pack of sheriff’s officers ran with a burning scent some wretched ensign ‘to ground’ at the barracks, and after ‘ferreting’ him out, would ‘chop’ him as he was about to embark for distant lands! How often has the silver oar boarded some transport, as she was actually under weigh, with the unpleasant intimation that

Captain, Lieutenant, or Cornet So-and-So was wanted, and must come ! and how often has the unfortunate debtor, like a weather-beaten boat, failing to be 'bailed out,' been waterlogged, and become the victim of these land and sea-sharks !

The look-out from the platform was a most exciting affair. The booming of heavy guns might be heard at a distance. A captured prize might often be seen entering the harbour. Men-of-war, from the ten-gun-brig to the three-decker, were constantly arriving ; and departing transports, crowded with troops, were waiting for a convoy. Prisoners from the scene of carnage were being landed. Wounded men, past recovery, were sighing to return once again to the soil of their ancestors.

As the melancholy Prince of Denmark says, 'Look on this picture, and on this,' and contrast the platform with what it was and now is. At the present time some half-boosy sailor, who has probably never been in deep

water, asks 'his honour' to take a look through his glass, which naturally reminds him of another glass, and, in the tone of a Victoria Theatre Jack tar, adds, that he hopes 'his honour' will allow him to 'splice the main brace.'

If the telescope is sufficiently clear to see through, a few steamers, freighted with London excursionists, some half-dozen yachts, with haunches of venison, legs of mutton, and grouse hanging to their sterns, an English barque or two, foreign merchantmen, the admiral's tender, governor's barge, and fishing-smacks, are all that greet the eye ; and if the stillness of a summer's day is broken, it is by an irregular fire of small cannons from the Club-house of the Royal Squadron at Cowes, the authorities of which scorning all modern innovations, prefer the primitive red-hot poker to the more improved detonating-lock of later days.

CHAPTER VII.

‘It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off or so.’

BYRON.

To return to my walk. Captain Hornidge took me to the batteries, through the fortifications, over the dock-yard, introducing me to those officers, of both services, with whom he was personally acquainted. After a most elaborate toilet—for early in life I had imbibed a favourite saying of one whose *Addresses* were seldom *Rejected*, and then only in print—‘that we should always pay attention to our dress in youth that we may please, in age

that we may not displease'—I entered the mess-room a few minutes before the bugle had sounded for dinner.

“I'd have you to know, Sir,” exclaimed the Major, addressing the wretched subaltern of the day, “that the orderly-room clock is the one we go by; and that, Sir, is two minutes and a quarter faster than the town.”

“Exactly, Major,” chimed in Lieutenant Cludde.

The dinner was now served, and a more melancholy repast I never sat down to; scarcely a word was uttered, so awed were the whole party at the irritated look of the imperious commander.

“Something has evidently gone wrong,” remarked my neighbour Belward, in a low tone; “I think he must have got a ‘wiggling’ from the general.”

Agreeable to the *mos pro lege* principle of those days, I had to pay my footing, by a donation of wine to the mess, and which was accordingly produced upon this occasion.

Prowle having left the room, a little more freedom took place, although the Adjutant was still a bar to general hilarity. After a time, the subject of hunting and racing was introduced, and the merits of Cludde's charger, 'Pioneer,' were discussed.

"He is admirably suited for his work," said the owner—"steady, safe, and quiet under fire; but not fast enough for the race-course or field," he continued, evidently addressing his remarks to me.

"He seems a very clever horse," I responded—"broad, deep, and a great declivity in his shoulders; quarters long, thighs let down very low."

"A most graphic description," responded the Adjutant; "but, with all those points, he is as slow as a top."

"And yet," I continued, a little elated with the bumpers I had quaffed, "he has every requisite for a race-horse; his hocks are distinct, far behind, and from him. Thence downward to the next joint they are ver

short, with that part of the leg standing under him, like that of an ostrich ; he has a long lax bending pastern ; his arm, too, is well set on at the extreme point of his shoulder-bone."

"A regular veterinary opinion," muttered the Lieutenant, evidently annoyed at the exposure I had made of his horse's qualifications. "He suits my purpose very well ; but, as for a race-horse, it's ridiculous to suppose such a thing."

"He must be quite thorough-bred," I continued ; * "do you know his pedigree?"

"Thorough-bred ! pooh, pooh !" he replied. "He ran at Woolwich before I bought him, and was nowhere, in a field of thirteen bad ones. He's a regular cocktail, got by Screveton, out of a half-bred mare."

"Well, we shall know more about him next week, I presume," said young Belward ; "for I conclude you will start him for the Garrison Stakes, on Southsea Common."

"To promote sport, perhaps I may," re-

sponded the Adjutant; "but he has no chance, except with a 'feather' on his back."

As the wine got in, the wit got out; and after a great deal of what is usually termed 'chaff,' a match was proposed between my brown mare, 'Fair Ellen,' and 'Pioneer.' Excited with the draughts of red-hot port that I had imbibed, I agreed to the terms proposed, despite of sundry expressive looks, and gentle kicks under the table, from those who felt I was about to be victimised.

I pass over the rest of the evening, and bring myself to the following morning at five o'clock, when I was awoke out of a feverish sleep, by Hargreaves informing me that the drill-sergeant would be ready for me in half an hour. To cool my burning temples, to collect my scattered senses, to remove the aching pain in my brow, I plunged my head into cold water; and, although only a confused remembrance of what had taken place came across my mind, I remembered the match I had made, and which now stared me

in the face, neatly drawn out by my antagonist, and signed in a very crooked hand by myself. It ran as follows :—

“Portsmouth and Gosport Garrison Races, Southsea Common; last day. Match, one mile, Fifty Guineas each, P.P., owners to ride. Lieutenant and Adjutant Cludde’s b. g. Pioneer, aged, against Ensign the Honourable Philip Courtenay’s br. m. Fair Ellen, four years old.”

Before I had time to turn the question over in my mind, I was summoned to drill; and, while undergoing the goose-step (for Sergeant Hatton declared all my military instructions at home were ‘worse nor nothing’) I began to reflect upon the folly I had committed.

“Attention!” cried the non-commissioned officer.

Alas! my ideas were distracted at the thoughts of losing my fifty guineas.

“Stand at ease!”

Alas! no ease could I find, at least mentally, when I reflected how soon I had broken

down in the good resolutions I had formed, to avoid drinking and gambling. After practising for nearly an hour, *le pas d'oie*, as the Terpsichoreans would call it, I was dismissed, and was shortly afterwards joined by Frank Belward.

“The bird of prey tried to get you into his claws last night, or, rather, early this morning,” said he; “but I still hope we’ll be even with him. Of course I stand half the stakes, for it was through my remarks that the match was made.”

“I cannot think of letting you into so bad a speculation,” I responded; “I must stand or fall by own folly.”

“I declared on, last night,” continued Frank; “so say no more on that subject, and let us put our heads together to see whether we cannot out-manceuvre our opponent. First, as the race is not to take place until Saturday week, we had better send your mare over at once to Tom Martlett’s, near Horndean, to give her a gallop or two, and prepare her as well as

he can ; and, secondly, you had better take a walk or two to keep down your weight."

We lost no time in engaging a man from the George Inn to take 'Fair Ellen' to her temporary destination ; we then proceeded to a grocer's shop, where I was weighed, and found that in my regimentals I did not exceed nine stone twelve.

"With light leathers and boots, and a three pound saddle," said my confederate, "you'll be able to ride nine stone ten ; and Cludde cannot get into the scale under ten stone two."

"A walk or two, and a few extra drills in the broiling sun, may bring me down a few pounds," I replied ; "and then we shall meet upon nearly equal terms of weight for age."

"It will be a grand day," continued Belward, "if we could beat the Adjutant ; although I fear, if such was the case, he would make the barracks too hot to hold us."

I pass over the time that elapsed between the above period and the day of the important race. At an early hour I visited the stables,

and found my mare, who had arrived overnight, looking, as Mr. Martlett said, 'fit to run for a man's life.' Upon getting into the scale at the neighbouring blacksmith's shop, while 'Fair Ellen' was being plated, I found that with a light three pound saddle I could ride nine stone seven ; drill and anxiety had reduced me eight pounds.

"Excuse me, Capt'in," said the trainer, "but I think you'll ride more pleasanter in a larger saddle, and a few pounds won't make the difference ; in this here 'pigskin' of mine, you'll sit down comfortable to your work ; in that 'ere, you'll roll about like a porpus in a storm. Excuse my manners, Capt'in, but I likes to be open !"

"Tom's quite right," exclaimed Belward, "it's a circular course, very awkward to ride over, owing to the loose gravel and swamp in some parts ; so the more you feel at home the better."

Following the above excellent advice, at two o'clock I was mounted on my mare, looking,

as I thought, like a second Chifney, adorned in a new yellow silk jacket, with green velvet cap. Lieutenant Cludde shortly afterwards appeared, in the regimental colours—scarlet, and buff sleeves; his long thin spindles clinging to the sides of a most diminutive saddle, and himself looking as attenuated as his own steed, which, I have omitted to mention, had been in training by a sporting farmer for more than six weeks.

Our respective weights were—‘Pioneer,’ 10st. 3lb.; ‘Fair Ellen,’ 9st. 11lb.; and the odds were considerably in favour of the high weight; not alone on account of the shape and stride of the horse, but because his jockey bore a tolerable good name among amateurs, and I (to adopt a racing phrase) was a ‘dark one.’ A few of my friends backed me for small amounts, although the public were decidedly against me. Before starting, Martlett addressed me in the following terms—

“I advise you, Capt’in, to make severe running—get a good start and keep it—ease your

mare when you get to the run in—and lay by for a rush on the post.”

I promised to obey his advice implicitly.

“You’ll excuse me, Capt’in,” he continued, “but that ’ere gentleman will, I think, tire himself out before he does his horse. He looks for all the world like a wooden peg on a clothes line. Perhaps if you hustle him a little at starting he’ll be upset. It ain’t a very sunshiny job to ride such an animal in a three pun’ saddle.”

Again I acquiesced, and gave my mare a gentle canter.

“He looks more like a workman than the other,” exclaimed one or two of the knowing ones, as they compared (excuse my blushes) my more compact figure and sportsman-like seat to the lanky form of my antagonist—rendered more conspicuous by his diminutive saddle.

“Why, he in the red jacket is all legs and wings, like a giblet pie,” said another. “I’ll take two to one yellow wins.”

We were now walked up to the starting-post ; and upon the word " Off ! " being given, and a colour-flag lowered, away I went, like an arrow out of a bow. Cludde, although rather taken aback by the quickness of my movements, showed himself to be a judicious rider ; for, instead of at once attempting to make up his lost ground, he waited patiently, gaining, however, upon me a little at every stride. Acting up to my instructions, I increased the pace, and, shaving the last post before the run in, still found myself a few lengths before my rival. My advantage was but temporary ; for, before the distance was reached, ' Pioneer ' was close at my mare's quarters. With the race in hand, a smile of satisfaction came across the Adjutant's countenance, as he exclaimed—

" I won't make it a hollow thing."

The odds, according to the old saying, were ' Lombard-street to a china orange,' or as I shall modernize it, the ' Crystal Palace to a cucumber frame,' in favour of the ' old un.'

“Four to one against the mare,” shouted a dozen voices.

There were no takers ; an event now occurred that proved the truth of the old adage, ‘there’s many a slip between the cup and the lip ;’ just as we were within a few yards from home, and I, obedient to orders, had given ‘Fair Ellen’ a pull, a butcher’s dog crossed the course ; Cludde, in his attempt to avoid coming in contact with the cur, gave his horse a sudden jerk, which threw him out of his stride, and caused him to change his leg.

A more untoward circumstance followed this ; in the exertion of keeping ‘Pioneer’ in the course, the jockey pressed too heavily on his right stirrup-leather, which immediately gave way, and the Adjutant alone saved himself from biting his mother dust by falling against my mare ; seeing my advantage, I watched the opportunity, and before my adversary had sufficiently recovered his equilibrium, I made a rush, and won by a head.

Rage and despair were now strongly depicted

upon the loser's physiognomy, who began to vow vengeance against the butcher, his dog, and the saddler.

"You had better ease your mare," said my unsuccessful rival.

I was about to attend to this apparently disinterested advice, and had got my foot out of the stirrup, when Martlett's well-known voice attracted my attention.

"Don't fall into that 'ere trap, Capt'in, pass the winning post afore you dismount, its a rigilar rig to get you off and distance you."

In a second, I remembered the rule that requires the winner to undergo this ceremony, and replacing my foot, walked my mare to the weighing stand.

"All right," said the man at the scales, and I walked off in triumph, surrounded by Belward and other friends, who rejoiced in the defeat of the unpopular Adjutant.

At dinner, Cludde seemed to have quite recovered his temper; he drank a glass of wine with me and talked good-humouredly of

the race ; no one that saw his cold outward look could have for a moment imagined the revengeful feeling that existed within ; he was angry at the loss of his fifty guineas, his pride was wounded at having been beat by a strippling, and the shouts that rent the air when I was declared victor, added to the congratulations I had received, inflamed him almost to madness.

Treacherous as one of the tiger species, he waited his opportunity to get me within his savage clutches. For a length of time the conversation was carried on in the most friendly manner, when a young ensign suggested that the winner of the match should present a dozen of champagne or a bowl or two of punch to the party ; this proposition was unanimously agreed to, and, in the liberality of our hearts, Frank Belward and myself ordered both the sparkling beverage and the more potent mixture. As a matter of course, the healths of the donors were proposed and drunk with due honours. Cludde's face was blanched with rage when he

witnessed the enthusiasm the toast had met with.

“ Silence !—speech—Ensign Courtenay on his legs—hear, hear,” shouted several voices.

I rose to acknowledge the honour and in a few modest remarks attributed my success to accident, finishing my oration with a proposition for a brimming glass to the health of the loser. This was too much for the wrathful Adjutant to bear ; to be patronised by a boyish conqueror was gall and wormwood to his proud spirit : to add to his irritation, he perceived and felt the lukewarm manner with which the toast I had proposed was responded to.

From this moment my antagonist contradicted every thing I said, talked at me, and threw out one or two insinuations that I could scarcely brook. In vain did my brother officers attempt to avert the conversation, the pugnacious Cludde returned to the charge, and singled me out as the target to practise at. For a considerable time I kept my temper, being anxious to make allowances for my rival's

provocation and disappointment ; at length he touched a chord that jarred my whole frame, by an allusion to one dearer to me than life itself. In order to change the subject under discussion, some good-humoured officer proposed, as was the custom of those days, that each should toast the health of his 'lady love.' When it came to my turn I gave 'Fair Ellen,'

"Name, name," said one or two voices.

"Fair Ellen," exclaimed Cludde, with a sardonic grin ; "some Warwickshire lass — some rural Cynthia of the moment — some village *quean* ! I cannot drink a toast where the giver is ashamed of the name of his inamorata." So, turning his glass downwards, he looked at me with defiance.

With all the eloquence I was master of, I vindicated the character of the defamed. One remark led to another ; and, after a keen encounter of words, the smouldering ashes that had long lurked in Cludde's breast burst forth into a flame, and he applied epithets to my charmer and myself, which caused me to rise

and leave the room. I was immediately followed by Frank Belward, who, seizing me by the arm, led me across the barrack-yard to his quarters. Here a consultation took place, as to the best manner of proceeding. I had received a public insult, and it was incumbent upon me to notice it.

“There can be no doubt,” said my young friend, “that Cludde was the aggressor; you must, therefore, take care not to lose your vantage ground, by placing yourself in the wrong. He must make you an ample apology, or give you a meeting.”

In this view of the subject, I entirely concurred.

He proceeded: “Captain Marsland, of the Artillery, who is a man of the highest character, and well versed in all points of honour, asked me, only yesterday, when you were to join; it seems he was under your father’s command in the north of England, and speaks so warmly of his kindness and hospitality, that he was anxious to form your acquaintance.”

After a pause, he continued : “ I have so high an opinion of Marsland’s judgment, that I strongly advise you to consult him ; we shall find him at the main guard, as his brother is on duty there.”

Adopting this suggestion, we wended our way to the Parade, and fortunately met the object of our search, as we turned from High-street into it.

“ Allow me to introduce Mr. Courtenay,” said Belward ; “ we were about to pay you a visit.”

Marsland welcomed me most warmly, repeating the obligations he felt himself under to my father. After a mutual exchange of civilities, my companion told Marsland that we were desirous of having a few moments’ private conversation with him.

“ Pray come into the guard-room,” said the latter ; “ my brother is smoking his cigar on the platform, and will not interrupt us.”

Following my new acquaintance, we entered the building, and were ushered into a small room, most scantily furnished ; the candles

were lit—a bottle of brandy, a decanter of cold water, and some glasses were taken out of the cupboard; the batman retired, and our trio were left to their consultations. The case was then opened by Frank Belward, who made an unexaggerated statement of the whole occurrence as it had taken place. Marsland's courage, which was 'as keen, yet as polished as his sword,' advised that a letter should be addressed to Lieutenant Cludde, recapitulating the offensive terms, and calling upon him to withdraw them with an humble apology, or refer the writer to a friend.

"If you would kindly undertake to act for me," said I, "it would confer the greatest possible favour upon me."

"After your father's friendly feeling towards me," responded Marsland, "I should indeed be ungrateful if I refused to be of any service; I will do my best to carry you through this unpleasant affair in a manner that, come what come may, your honour and character shall be vindicated."

It was then agreed, that no allusion should be made to the subject, and that on the following morning Belward and myself were to breakfast with Marsland, who would be in a situation to report to us the progress he had made. We parted for the night, tired with the fatigue of the day.

Worn out with the excitement of the evening, I soon fell into a profound sleep, and did not awake until the town clock was striking nine. My first thought was that I should get into trouble for having overslept myself, and not having attended drill, but this feeling was quickly removed by the entrance of Hargreaves, who informed me that the Adjutant had dispensed with my presence, as there was to be an inspection of necessaries immediately after parade, at which every officer was expected to attend.

No sooner had Belward and myself got over the duties of the morning, than we proceeded to Marsland's quarters, where we found him anxiously awaiting our arrival.

“Bring breakfast,” he said, addressing his servant; then, turning to me, he added, “As yet I have nothing new to communicate; I have written to Lieutenant Cludde, and am in momentary expectation of his answer.”

Our meal passed off silently; just as it was concluded, a tap was heard at the door.

“Come in,” said Marsland, and an orderly from the corps to which I belonged presented him with a letter.

“I will send the answer, if it requires one, by my own man,” said our host.

The bearer of this (to me) most important document brought his right hand to his cap, and retired. It was a moment of painful suspense, when Marsland broke the silence by observing—

“It is as I feared; Lieutenant Cludde declines making any apology, and refers me to Captain Chamberlain, of the Royal Navy, who will wait for me at the Fountain, from two till four this afternoon.”

The affair now seemed to assume a serious

aspect, for up to this period I had fondly imagined that Cludde would have offered me reparation for the unprovoked insult, and that I should have stood high in the estimation of my brother officers as an injured and forgiving person. My reverie was disturbed by Captain Marsland addressing me as follows—

“ You had better apply for leave of absence for four-and-twenty hours. We must take great care that no one gets acquainted with the circumstance. I will see Chamberlain, who is an honourable and gallant sailor, and try what I can arrange with him. Meet me at half-past four, at the Quebec Hotel, and do not let any of your brother officers suspect what is going on.”

Frank Belward and myself returned to the barracks. I lost no time in sending in my application for leave, on urgent private business ; it was forthwith granted, and at the appointed hour, Belward and myself were seated in the coffee-room of the Quebec. After some little delay, Marsland joined us ; I at once

saw by his manner that his friendly negotiations had failed.

“Cludde is like an infuriated bull,” said he, “no reasoning can dissuade him from his purpose. I have therefore arranged a meeting for to-morrow morning at six o’clock, at Cowes; in the garrison we might be disturbed. I have ordered a boat at half-past five this afternoon, when the tide will serve to take us over to the Isle of Wight; meet me at the Point at that hour, in the mean time I will provide myself with everything that is necessary.”

Frank Belward, who was in orders for a court-martial on the following morning, now took leave of me, having promised to send Hargreaves with my ‘kit’ for the night. In wishing me ‘Good bye,’ the tears stood in the youth’s eyes, as he remarked—

“That fatal race, of which I was the chief promoter, has been the cause of this melancholy event.”

Precisely at half-past five o’clock, I found

myself at the appointed place, and was there joined by Marsland. A four-oared wherry was in readiness, and we embarked without creating any suspicion, except, perhaps, in the mind of my companion's servant, who had, with great care, stowed away a carpet-bag containing a small mahogany case, which he was aware held a pair of Manton's best duelling pistols.

The evening was bright and serene; a fresh breeze springing up from the east, we made our passage in a much less time than we anticipated. Upon landing at the Government Steps, we ordered our boatmen to be on the look-out off Egyptian Point the following morning, at six o'clock, and proceeded to the Marine Hotel.

Here, Marsland, who had fasted since the morning meal, ordered a light dinner. While it was preparing, I called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote an affectionate letter to my father and mother; need I add, I addressed a few lines to my first love, Ellen? As I sealed

the letters, and reflected that perhaps they were the last that I should ever dictate, a tear fell from my eyes, which I hastily brushed away, as the landlady, followed by her attendants, made her appearance.

“I am sorry, gentlemen,” said the hostess, “that I have only one spare bed in the hotel, but I have secured a very nice room at a friend’s house, up the hill.”

“That will do admirably well,” we responded; and having ordered a bottle of the best sherry the cellar could produce, we were left to our own reflections. During the rest of the evening, Marsland conversed in a cheerful, although not frivolous, manner; he felt deeply interested in the result of the meeting, but did not attempt to buoy up my spirits by reckless bravado, or even sanguine anticipations. At ten o’clock we parted, when, accompanied by the waiter, who pertinaciously asked me at what hour I would breakfast the following morning, we reached a small unpretending villa.

“Your carpet-bag is in your room, Sir,”

said the owner of Ventnor Cottage—so it was called;—"at what hour do you like to be called in the morning?"

"At five, if convenient," I responded.

"I will tell Clarke, the boatman, to ring the house-bell at that hour, Sir," replied the hostess, who, after conducting me to my bedroom, wished me good night.

Left to myself, in a strange house, with no friend to whom I could pour out my grief, added to the feeling that it might be the last time I should ever lay my head upon my pillow to sleep, can it be wondered that I gave way to a flood of tears? The hard-hearted—the callous may laugh at my weakness; but, when I thought of the hopeless wretchedness my violent death would cause my kind affectionate mother—when I reflected upon my gallant father's sufferings, at hearing I had fallen, not in the field of glory—when I pictured to myself Ellen's despair, my whole frame was unmanned, and, for a time, I gave way to the deepest anguish.

I was aroused from these reflections by the sound of the parish church clock striking eleven. The few hours that were now left for me, were devoted to sleep, and after a short but refreshing slumber, I awoke, just as the boatman, agreeable to his promise, had given a long peal at the house bell.

After the duties of the morning were finished, I threw open my window, and looked out upon a scene that will never be obliterated from my mind; the sun had just loomed through a distant vapour, and was now shining forth pre-eminently brilliant; not a breath of air was stirring on the land; the meadows smiled in luxuriant verdure; the birds carolled gaily; the huge expanse of water, unbroken by foam or ripple, looked like a glassy lake; the sweet-scented briar, the creeping honeysuckle, the fragrant rose, which decked the small green verandah, emitted their delicious odours, and brought back vividly to my recollection Ellen's garden and summer-house, where I had passed so many happy, happy hours.

A few fishing boats were to be seen along the shore, which, with the exception of a few weather-beaten tars on the look-out for pilotage, were the only animated objects in this otherwise quiet and peaceful scene. What a contrast did the blue sky, the calm unruffled sea, the glad sunshine of nature form to the thoughts—the dark-shadowed thoughts—that now occupied my breast!

At half-past five I was joined by Marsland, who led the way across the fields towards Egypt; we were followed by a lad, carrying the carpet-bag, which had been so carefully stowed away in our boat. A half-crown rewarded his services—and the youth, little aware of the part he had unwittingly taken, as an accomplice before the fact, seemed to express how satisfied he would be at a daily recurrence of such a windfall.

As we approached a small plantation, since fallen a victim to the brick-and-mortar mania, we perceived Lieutenant Cludde, and his friend, Captain Chamberlain. After a courteous re-

cognition upon both sides, the seconds proceeded to measure the ground, twelve paces—the pistols were then loaded, and the signal—the dropping of a handkerchief—agreed on.

“I shall ask you, gentlemen,” said Chamberlain, “whether you are ready, and the moment you reply in the affirmative, Captain Marsland will drop his handkerchief as a signal for you to fire ; you may cock your pistols, but not raise them until then.”

It was a moment of awful suspense : I seized the weapon offered me, and at the given time raised and fired it without any deliberate aim. A whizzing noise was heard close to my ear, which made me start a little. As the smoke cleared away, I saw my antagonist on the ground.

“Surgeon Daly, you are required,” shouted Captain Chamberlain ; and at the word, a gentleman who had placed himself out of sight of the combatants, made his appearance.

“I hope it is not serious,” said I, addressing my friend.

“ I think not,” he replied, “ but I will hear the surgeon’s report.”

Marsland shortly afterwards returned to say that my bullet had taken effect in the fleshy part of the thigh, and was pronounced not to have touched any vital function. He added, that Cludde, through the interference of his second, had withdrawn the offensive epithets, and was ready to shake hands with me. To this proposition I readily assented, and leaving the wounded man under the care of the surgeon, Marsland and myself returned to the Marine Hotel, where we enjoyed a much more hearty repast than the one of the preceding night.

The moment our meal was concluded, I returned to my lodgings, and, in the same room where I had offered up my fervent supplication for preservation, returned my grateful acknowledgements to a Beneficent Being for mercies vouchsafed to me. We then embarked for Portsmouth, with lighter hearts and merrier countenances than those of the previous day.

As we ran into the harbour, we observed a small conclave of 'ours,' looking out from the battery, and upon landing at the Point, were surrounded by enquiring friends, anxious to hear the result of the meeting.

"I congratulate you," said one.

"Cludde's a regular fire eater," remarked another, "and has met with his deserts."

"I've seen him snuff a candle out at twelve paces," exclaimed a third; "and if he had fired by word of command instead of signal, the tables might have been turned."

Such probably might have been the case, had not Captain Marsland, knowing the character of my opponent, insisted upon having a handkerchief dropped, so as to prevent him from taking a deliberate aim; as it was, the bullet had gone within an inch or two of my neck. Upon entering the barrack-yard, Frank Belward came forth to welcome me; after grasping my hand cordially, said—

"I've a piece of good news for you; Colonel Douglas arrived in England last night, and

joined us this morning, he is now in the orderly room."

Nothing could have gratified me more than this intelligence, for I dreaded the anger of the irritable and prejudiced Major Prowl, after the personal conflict I had been engaged in with his friend and protégé.

"The Colonel has requested to see all the officers in the Mess-room at two o'clock," continued my brother 'sub;' adding, in a lower and a playful tone, "and 'I'd have you to know, sir' is in a dreadful taking—the Major's 'occupation's gone.'"

At the appointed hour the officers' call was sounded, and we assembled in the room I had quitted two evenings previous, with very different feelings from those with which I now entered it. As the new commander made his appearance, followed by our old tormentor, every one rose and saluted him. Both his look and manner were extremely prepossessing, and the short, yet feeling address, in which he alluded to the popularity of our late Lieu-

tenant-Colonel, the distinguished services of the corps, and a modest remark upon his own good fortune in being appointed to it, quite won the hearts of his hearers.

After a few words to each individually, Colonel Douglas dismissed us, but not before remarking that the system that had been carried on in the regiment was one he entirely approved of, and that he hoped for the support of all under him upon every point of duty.

True enough it was, that the system had been good, although it had been lately much abused in the execution of it, by the Major and Adjutant; but a brighter era seemed about to dawn upon us, and universal joy was felt in the breast of every individual in the gallant —th, save and except in that, perhaps, of the choleric field-officer, now, happily, no longer in power.

At dinner, Colonel Douglas fully merited the high opinion we had entertained of him during our first interview; he was open, agreeable, and courteous to all alike: he

talked of field sports, and declared himself ready to support every species of amusement to beguile the monotony of country quarters.

Cludde's wound, although not a dangerous one, was slow in healing, and it was not for more than a fortnight that he was enabled to be removed from Cowes to the quarters of his regiment. During this period, I made every exertion to get through what is termed 'Adjutant's drill;' and I so far succeeded, that the day before my antagonist rejoined, I was reported fit for regimental duty.

Cludde met me with cold civility — the venom still rankled in his breast; and, from that hour to the present one, I could not account for his vindictive and pugnacious feelings towards me, except, indeed, upon the principle that induced Mithridates to poison his rival, Alcæus, of Sardis, for having had better horses than himself in the race.

To return to the Colonel. 'Honest Jack,' as he was called, was one of those men that win you at first sight; to a fine, handsome,

soldier-like appearance, was combined a kind-hearted, open nature, free from guile or affectation. Upon points of duty, Douglas was a rigid disciplinarian ; in private, he promoted every gentleman-like amusement ; and never was there a greater contrast than at the mess dinner under his presidency, and that of his predecessor, Major Prowle. At one, all was good-humour, gaiety, and mirth ; at the other, moody silence and suppressed anger prevailed. No allusion was ever made to the duel, but, from all I could glean from private channels, the Colonel had pronounced me to be a ‘ fine, spirited young fellow ’ (I blush thus to trumpet forth my own fame), and had expressed his satisfaction at my having taken such stringent measures with the quarrelsome Adjutant.

CHAPTER VIII

‘Bella, horrida bella.’

VIRGIL.

THE hostilities that were being carried on between France and Great Britain, had led to a series of misunderstandings between the United States and England. Napoleon had (as the American minister declared) revoked his anti-neutral decrees, and the government of our country were called upon to repeal the offensive ordinances complained of—‘the system of blockade, and the seizure of supposed British seamen in American ships.’ Unfortunately, during the embarrassed and disjointed relations of the two countries—coun-

tries connected by a thousand ties which ages cannot obliterate—an untoward event occurred, which tended to increase the rancorous animosity that had previously existed, namely, the hostile collision of an American frigate and a British sloop, off the coast of Virginia. The conferences held between our new envoy and Mr. Monroe were unproductive of a reconciliation, and the message of the President widened the breach. He compared the seizure of the supposed British seamen in American vessels on the ‘great highway of nations,’ to that ‘substitution of force for a resort to the responsible sovereign, which falls within the definition of the war.’ He affirmed, that, under this pretext, thousands of American citizens had been torn from their country, and subjected to the most severe oppressions. The commerce of the United States had been wantonly harrassed, and the most insulting pretensions had been accompanied with lawless proceedings, even within harbours; and, not content with this

devastation of neutral trade, the British Cabinet had at length resorted to the 'sweeping system of blockades,' under the name of 'orders in council'—an innovation pregnant with complicated and transcendent injustice.

After a warm debate, in which Randolph and other independent members spoke against any hostile declaration, the discussion terminated with a declaration of war. The eighteenth of June—a day since famed in the annals of our country—was the one upon which the act of the American legislature was signed by Maddison.

I pass over the invasion of Canada, the surrender of General Hull, the overtures for a reconciliation between the contending powers, the fierce animosity that existed in Congress, and the violent tone adopted by the majority; suffice it to say, that the minds of the people on both sides of the Atlantic were inflamed, and a war *unjust* in its origin, unnecessary in its object, was carried on with the utmost hatred and rancour. The reckless barbarity

of the savage Indians, serving under the British flag, reflected the most dire disgrace upon our arms, and called forth the bitterest animadversions, not alone from the American government, but from all the well-thinking people in England.

The war had been carried on with the greatest ferocity, and had degenerated into one of malice and cruelty. Torpedos, submarine instruments, destructive machines, had been employed against our vessels; such deeds being legalized by an Act of Congress, and vindicated as a set-off to those cruelties practised by our allies.

In vain did the Emperor of Russia assemble a Peace Congress at St. Petersburg, which was attended by three distinguished citizens of the new, and some plenipotentiaries from the old world. The negotiation unhappily failed and hostilities were resumed. After the conclusion of peace with France, an attempt was made by the advocates of moderation at home to put an end to the conflict. This

praiseworthy feeling was, however, frustrated by the zeal of others, who wished to avail themselves of the increased force to inflict signal chastisement on the Americans. The Prince Regent, at the Prorogation of Parliament, seemed to adopt the views of the latter; he spoke with asperity of the republican government, and alluded to the means, now at his disposal, to prosecute the war with increased vigour.

In consequence of the above declaration, additional troops were to proceed to America, and among others I shortly found myself in orders to join the service-companies abroad. In less than a week I embarked with my detachment in the "Albion" transport for the Chesapeake.

A transport is at all times the most miserable specimen of naval architecture that can possibly be conceived; but during the war, when vessels of all classes, and no class at all, were put into requisition, the evil was considerably magnified. The object of ship-

building is to unite strength, accomodation for freight or passengers, with speed. Unfortunately, the old 'tub,' with her bluff bows, high poop, and round stern, in which we took our passage, possessed few of these qualifications. She had been built hastily and economically; her accomodations were not calculated to hold more than half her passengers; and as for speed, a Dutch fishing Schuyte, or an old Yorkshire 'Billy-boy, could have gone as fast; never was there so slow, so unsightly, so unmanageable a craft; in light airs she appeared as if she were waterlogged; in wearing she tested the strength of her ropes, tackling, and spars; in stays she was sluggish, and in 'paying off,' if I might adopt an unnautical phrase, she was a perfect bankrupt.

Our party on board consisted of four-and-twenty military officers, three hundred men, a lieutenant in the navy—who acted as agent for transports—the captain, mate, and crew of the "Albion." Never shall I forget my feel-

ing of horror and despair when, upon going on board, I asked to be shown to my cabin. A bulk-head, which to my cost I afterwards discovered creaked awfully, had been clumsily thrown across a part of the sail-room; and into this narrow and opaque den, four berths had been placed, two on each side, one over the other. The height of this miserable dormitory was much under six feet; therefore there were not more than two feet to spare between the mattress and the ship's beam.

To sit upright was impossible; and getting in at all a difficult operation for the one who slept aloft, as he was often compelled to make a footstool of the head of his unfortunate companion, which I happened to be. Of the breadth we say nothing, except that there was only room for one inmate to dress at a time. Light and air were almost entirely excluded. A most villanous compound of the rankest odours—tar, bilge-water, new ropes, and canvass—rendered the air almost pestilential.

All our heavy baggage had been deposited

in the hold, leaving us a very small 'kit' for a month or six weeks' passage. Our mess-cabin was not much more comfortable than our sleeping one, and the provisions were of the worst possible description. Coarse salt beef, fat Irish pork—in an essence of brine, hard biscuits, waxy potatoes, ditch-looking water, fiery rum, constituted our daily luxuries. The food for the mind has been as scantily provided for, as that of the body. An 'Annual Register' for 1801, much torn, an 'Army List,' two odd numbers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' considerably damaged, formed the library. Fortunately, I had provided myself with a pocket edition of Shakspeare, which, with a few volumes of modern farces, enabled me to study many parts, in the hopes that at the termination of the war I might have an opportunity of displaying my amateur histrionic powers, to beguile the tedium of a camp or garrison.

After rolling about for a week, we, on the seventh day, found ourselves off Mevagissey

Bay, on the coast of Cornwall; our private stock of provisions and liquids considerably reduced, with very little prospect of replacing them. At one time we thought—and as the dying King Henry said—our ‘wish was father, Harry, to that thought,’—that we should have put into Plymouth, to repair a slight damage done to the ‘old buster,’ from having fouled another transport; but the carpenter pronounced his entire ability to make good the defects; and a favourable breeze springing up, we proceeded on our voyage.

At the expiration of eight-and-twenty days, we found ourselves becalmed in the variables between Madeira and the coast of America, called the Sargasso Sea (from being covered with masses of sea-weed bearing that name), with which we amused ourselves by throwing lines with weights attached, and hauling quantities on board, in searching which we found all sorts of diminutive sea-monsters.

Brother Jonathan—long may we remain on such affectionate terms—has given the name

of horse-latitudes to this area of the Atlantic, because horses and cattle have often been committed to the deep, for want of fresh water, when bound and becalmed (a more than ordinary period), with their and other supplies to our West India colonies. We were comparatively fortunate, it not being an uncommon occurrence for vessels to be hampered hereabouts as many weeks as we were days, for after the third, a light air reached us from the northward and eastward, of which our captain availed himself to make southing; and after a few hours' run on that course, we found ourselves in about lat. 30° fairly within the influence of a fresh trade-wind, and going along on an altered course at the rate of eight knots to the westward.

Nothing is more agreeable to the feelings than the change from a dead calm to even a light air; but from such a calm as we had been in for three whole days and nights, by day under a fiery tropical sun (for we were not far north of that of Cancer), and by night in

a closely-packed ship, without a breath of air below—the change to a fresh breeze, with sleeping sails and a steady tiller, in lieu of flapping canvass, and the cheep-cheeping chains of the rudder, was, indeed, exhilarating.

Had we but possessed anything exciting for the inner man to fall back upon, better than the salt junk, greasy pork, weavily biscuits, already alluded to, one might have been induced to admit that delightful sensations may be experienced, even at sea.

In a few days we passed the longitude of the ‘still-vexed Bermoothes;’ and in a third therefrom, the Gulf Stream, experiencing for about ten hours all the horrors for which we had been prepared by the sailors, when crossing this renowned current, here about a degree in width—thunder, lightning, squalls, gusts, heavy rain, hot blasts, cold blasts, short and long breaking, and apparently boiling seas—all, however, dying away and moderating as we made westing, which, after passing its boundary, we did rapidly in fine weather about

mid-day, under a favouring north-easterly breeze.

On the following morning, the cheering cry of 'Land ahead!' was heard. Land they called it; but, for a long time, although rapidly nearing it, we could discern nothing but trees. We passed Cape Henry at three in the afternoon, and were boarded in Lynhaven Bay by an officer from the Havannah frigate, which, acting as guard-ship, was lying at anchor about three miles from the shore. We then learnt, that, on the 24th of August, the city of Washington had been taken, and all about it, belonging to the government, destroyed—its capitol, arsenal, dock-yards, ships on the stocks, a great quantity of naval stores, two hundred and six pieces of cannon, thirty thousand stand of arms, Houses of Assembly and Senate. All private property had, however, been respected.

We here also heard, that a gallant and successful attack had been made upon Commodore Barnes's flotilla of gun-boats, in which the

Americans fought with their usual bravery and determination, until astounded by a few well-hove Congreve rockets, which had but recently been introduced. We were then ordered high up the Chesapeake, and after passing a small island, which the navy, having possession of, had fortified, and under the protection of the guns of which were innumerable schooners and sloops—prizes of the squadron—we soon made the tall masts and raised the hulls of half-a-dozen sail-of-the-line, frigates, and several men-of-war troop-ships, which were then for the first time employed for the accommodation of the army—certainly not before they were needed. The commander-in-chief of the navy, Sir George Cockburn, had arrived only a few days before us; with him was our gallant General Ross, who had so ably led a mere handful of men in the successful march and attack on Washington.

The fleet—for it assumed that appearance about the time of our journey—was anchored off the Potomac, which we were soon to as-

pend as far as practicable, it having been decided to make an attack upon Baltimore. On the night and morning of the 12th and 13th September, the army (if such it could be called) under Ross, consisting of about three thousand five hundred men, composed of the 4th, 44th, and 85th regiments, a battalion of marines, seamen, and marines from the men-of-war, commenced its march early, having about twenty or five-and-twenty miles — if my memory serves me — to reach the town it supposed itself destined to attack.

The movement was commenced under most favourable circumstances. No effort had been made to prevent our landing. Flushed with the recent success of a march of treble the distance, and its results, that part of it which had been at Washington expected another entertaining campaign; while those who, like ourselves, had since joined, were equally primed for fun so different from that of the European continent. Confident in the abilities, judgment, and dash of our experienced and

brave leader, failure was deemed impossible ; but alas ! the first hour of our march that gallant head was laid low, and a gloom, which reached every individual of the small host, was thrown over the expedition, as his mortally-wounded body was carried by a gang of seamen from the front to the rear for embarkation.

After having led the regiments and brigades in the Peninsular War under the immortal Wellington, in actions of every description, and earning for himself honours and fame that will never perish, our distinguished chief was picked off by a rifle from a bush. In no fight—not even in a skirmish, was he brought down, and his undaunted head laid low. No excitement was there ; no issuing of orders, no galloping of aides-de-camp, no forming of lines, no rushing to the front, no enemy to fight ; but one sneaking shot from the long rifle of some shooter of coons, and we were without a general for a leader, he being the only officer of that rank present.

The admiral, Sir George Cockburn, was by his side, talking to him at the time, and, it is said, looking from whence the smoke was seen, caught the eye of another leveller, and probably saved his own life by shaking his fist, calling him names it is not our province to repeat, and interlarding his remarks with sundry British oaths—

‘ Those syllables intense—
Nucleus of England’s native eloquence.’

The army advanced as if nothing had happened, now under the command of the next in rank, Colonel Brook, and somewhere about noon found itself opposed to the enemy, strongly posted in a wood, through which the high road to Baltimore passed. The 4th, under Colonel Faunce, were detached to take the wood in flank, and (if the attack of the line, which was speedily formed in front, succeeded) to intercept the enemy’s retreat. This movement was well intended, but the enemy—to use a common, but very signifi-

cant phrase - "cut and run" almost as soon as the line reached the enclosure, which was surrounded with what we should call park-palings—rather difficult to get over.

It was a curious sight for soldiers to see about four hundred seamen, with hats of all forms and shapes, white cross belts, long pig-tails, which many of them still delighted in, formed in line and marching at a quick step to the charge with fixed bayonets: their line—and no wonder—was not well maintained; but there was no lack of speed, for their officers were heard to say—"run! run! don't march!"

During all this time the whole were under a galling fire from the wood. From our force, only one volley was fired as we neared the palings, and the moment we began to get over or through them (for whole rows were pulled down,) the enemy, all except the dead, the dying, and the wounded, rushed through the wood as closely followed by us as the state of our respiratory organs would

permit : we were fairly distanced, and I had then what I thought the mortification of seeing the 4th, only just in time to give them a flanking volley, as the—what I suppose must be called—the rear-guard, cleared the wood.

After sending the killed and wounded to the rear, we advanced, and shortly before sundown came in sight of Chinkapenny Hill, overhanging Baltimore, which appeared well fortified ; three rows of guns or entrenchments of some sort, being to be counted, full of men. Above them was what appeared to be a down, on which we could with our glasses discern a great many well-dressed females, walking in groups with officers in full uniform.

It was evident to those who had long been tasting war in all its shapes and horrors, that this time the Americans were in full force, and well prepared for as many thousands as we mustered hundreds ; and that before night many, who then looked upon the scene, would probably see the curtain drop on this life's play for ever.

Such, however, was not their destiny. A council of war was held, and somewhere about midnight the fires were ordered to be replenished, the forces to form ; but, instead of advancing, we commenced a well-ordered retreat, after such a night of rain as is only to be met with within the tropics, or on their borders.

About day-dawn we halted for an hour, and then proceeded over the same ground, and embarked before evening from the same spot at which, the morning before, we had landed, not dispirited, otherwise than from the loss of our heroic General—nor shorn of our honours, for we had met the enemy vastly superior in numbers, strongly entrenched in a forest of wood ; we had attacked and driven him from his cover ; and we only ceased from further hostilities against Baltimore, when we found how overpowered we were in numbers and guns, and not before a night attack by the bomb-vessels and boats of the squadron on the water, with which we were to act simultaneously by land, had failed, and the failure had been reported.

We suffered, comparatively speaking, but little—a score of men or so from each regiment, and from the seamen's brigade, who were in the thickest of the fight, and all was told. I chanced to form one of the rear-guard to our small army, and was not a little surprised—about two hours after our retreat,—to observe a naval officer coming after us on a blood mare, full gallop, without a saddle, and with nothing for a bridle but a canvass cross-belt, which had been twisted into the animal's mouth, strapped on by means of another belt as a head-stall. We helped him to check the fiery steed as he passed, and were entreated by the rider to halt, or, in all probability, the whole of his men—about a hundred in number—would be sacrificed. All that could be done was to recommend the blue-jacket to push on to Colonel Brook, and state his case, promising him that we would march at the slowest pace possible ; as it was impossible to halt without orders.

Onwards he went, as fast as he could, on the

runaway mare. In less than twenty minutes the halt was sounded. Back again came the excited rider, passing through us without exchanging a word, and in about an hour afterwards joined us with his motley crew—to look at, at any rate—shoes in hand, slip-slopping and rolling along, apparently all but dead-beat. Upon inquiry, it appeared a mistake had been made. The wounded had been carried by this detachment to a creek of the Potomac, about three miles to the right of our line of retreat, while we were resting; and long before they could have deposited their burthens in the boats sent for them, we again commenced our march, so that they were good two hours behind.

It was supposed and intended that the whole party should embark with the wounded; but no such orders having been given to the lieutenant commanding, he, of course, again marched to join the forces. Great must have been his surprise to find us gone when he came to the halting ground. It happened that a wounded officer had been able to sit upon the

aforesaid mare ; and, as the boats were not adapted for taking equine passengers on board, she was fortunately brought back, and served 'Jack' a good turn. Many were the jibes and jeers as the sailors' *reserved* guard passed from the rear to the front.

"Holloa, Jack!" exclaimed one; "what been acting rear-guard?"

"Light infantry, eh?" shouted another. "What, left behind in the long-boat?"

"Hitch your trousers up, and don't roll to windward!" ejaculated a third.

"Steady, steady!" said a fourth; "why what have you done with your shoes?"

The blue jackets, nevertheless, were loudly cheered as they passed to the front, and had the honour of being first to embark. Great was the marvel that the Yankees did not cut off this handful of men belonging to the Ramillies, who, after two hours at least, were six miles in the rear of the force.

After a few days' rest, orders came: 'up anchor!' and away we went from the Chesa-

peake, before a northerly breeze, which soon amounted to a gale, leaving before us no land forces, except the marines, and only a small portion of the men-of-war, to watch, burn, sink, and destroy all they could lay hold of. South was our course, and in a few days Jamaica brought some up, while others proceeded to a rendezvous further to the westward.

The ships and transports containing the 4th, 44th, and 85th, soon after proceeded to the Gulf of Mexico, and as near as we could get to New Orleans. After the gun-boats had been gallantly taken by the navy, under Captain Lockyer, we were landed in what, with our treading, soon became a swamp, here we were soon after joined by detachments and whole regiments of conquering heroes, who had gone through, and gloriously put the finishing stroke to the Peninsula campaign before Toulouse. Keane commanded all that remained of our Chesapeake force—the first that were landed; then followed Lambert; then Gibbs; then the brave and distinguished Pakenham

—each taking the command, and altering the disposition of the other, as he arrived in succession.

It is not an agreeable thing for an old British officer to relate the events of that disastrous attack; suffice it to say, that the honour of the army was alone tarnished through a neglect of orders by the commanding officer of one regiment, who was afterwards dismissed the service by the sentence of a court-martial; that such neglect made it impossible to cross a deep trench, and then to surmount the cotton entrenchments; that, notwithstanding, they were all but carried; that thousands bit the dust on this untoward day; that three of our generals were killed, and the other wounded; that we were beaten off, and with hundreds of disabled men, embarked again to attack Mobile—a place of no great consequence—while here the news arrived that peace had been proclaimed, and from hence, as soon as arrangements could be completed (the transports again under convoy, for fear of meeting vessels

under flags that had been inimical (to whom the declaration of the cessation of hostilities was unknown), we again sailed for 'merrie England.'

On our voyage home we passed close to Havannah, the Bahamas keeping to the southward, in the strength of the gulf stream. Nothing worth relating occurred until we struck soundings in thirty fathoms; and fortunately for our *cuisine*, were becalmed a few hours on the banks of Newfoundland. A more amusing, exhilarating, and delightful scene could not be imagined: in a few seconds, hooks and lines were overboard, and in an incredibly short space of time the 'catch' was enormous. It is no exaggeration to say that the decks were covered with cod-fish and hallibuts, sufficient being taken for the rest of our passage.

La science de goule was never more tested than upon the occasion I refer to, for every one suggested some new idea for the cooking of these piscatory luxuries. Some suggested cod-fish soup, made of the following ingredi-

ents :—pork, beef, cod, cayenne, and a bottle of claret—a *potage* still greatly in vogue with our transatlantic friends, as those who had the good fortune to dine on board the ‘America’ clipper, when under the ‘stars and stripes,’ can vouch for ; others recommend a crimp ; a third stood up for a slice or two salted, with egg-sauce ; a fourth propounded a hash of this fish mixed with mashed potatoes ; a fifth, who was a modern Heliogabalus, invented an *entrée* of the most dainty portions of the skull, liver, and sound.

Fortunately, the quantity caught was so great, that every one had a dish according to his own palate and taste ; and certainly, during the whole course of my rambles and voyages at home and abroad, I never enjoyed so excellent a fish dinner.

The piscatory luxuries of the Greenwich ‘Ship,’ until lately ‘a naked wreck,’ but now newly commissioned by a most experienced captain — ‘Trafalgar,’ ‘Crown and Sceptre,’ — names associated with the glories of our

constitution (I speak nationally, not physically) could not be compared to the repast on board our *Ship*, or that of the convoy, who had fought for the Crown and Sceptre of the ocean under Nelson, in the bay immortalised by the hero's victory and death.

Instead of a diminutive room, bounded on the north by the muddy banks of the foul and fœtid Thames, on the south by stable-yards, on the east and west by narrow alleys, redolent with the odours of decayed shrimps, bloated herrings, stale crabs, decomposed lobsters that had doffed their 'blue jackets' for many a day; in lieu of a hot scorching sun, boys scrambling for halfpence, and the small Lilliputian finny fry,* we enjoyed the Atlantic and its world of waters, a bracing air, cloudless sky, and the finest and freshest inhabitants of the deep, deep sea.

To return to our log: Towards evening, we caught a north-west wind, which, in thirteen days, took us into Plymouth, where we arrived early in May. The first news that greeted us

upon our arrival, was the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and that more work was in store for us against our old enemy. Under these circumstances we were not allowed to land, nor take in any stores, except those provided by the shore-boats.

The Blue Peter was at the time flying on board a frigate, then getting under weigh to convoy more than fifty transports, which we joined, and with her we proceeded to Ostend, where, under a still favouring breeze, we arrived the next day. Here we disembarked; and, by forced marches, proceeded to join the army under Wellington.

CHAPTER IX.

‘ Fresh blew the wind, when o’er the Atlantic Main
The ship went gliding.’

WORDSWORTH.

As, in the days we write of, neither the gigantic power of steam, nor the magic influence of electricity, had displayed their almost super-natural qualities—when, instead of being able to ‘waft a sigh from Indus to the pole,’ or send a message to a friend in Paris, to ask him to dine with you in London, on the evening of the invitation, we were content to wait some days for home, and many weeks for foreign news.

Can it be wondered, then, that during our

transatlantic campaign, we should have been kept in profound ignorance of what had been going on in France during the early part of the memorable year of 1815? and yet, how much had happened in that interval! Napoleon had escaped from Porto Ferrajo, in the Isle of Elba; Wellington had attended the Congress at Vienna, where the four allied sovereigns—of Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia—had made a declaration, binding themselves to maintain the treaty of Paris, to keep each one hundred and fifty thousand men in the field, and not to lay down their arms until Bonaparte should be placed without the pale of civil and social relations, as an enemy and destroyer of the tranquillity of the world; Louis XVIII. had abdicated the throne of his ancestors; Ney, ‘the bravest of the brave,’ who had declared that he would bring his former chief to Paris, like a wild beast in a cage, had recognised his superiority, joined him, and again sunk into his satellite.

To resume: our passage to Ostend afforded

no incident that would bear even the slightest detail ; upon landing, we were ordered to proceed, by forced marches, towards Brussels ; but, ere we had gained our destination, the battle of Waterloo had been fought. I pass over the rest of the campaign. We reached Paris unmolested, and after a few days were snugly encamped in the Champs Elysées. So many narratives of the allied armies in Paris have been published, that I shall content myself with briefly saying that the summer passed delightfully. The rejoicings which followed the restoration of the Bourbons were in a style of which I had no previous conception. There were reviews in the Champ de Mars, and public *fêtes* in the Champs Elysées and Tivoli Gardens.

I should tire my readers, were I to dwell upon all the gaieties of that time. Let them picture to themselves an immense army pouring along the spacious quays of Paris, in battalions and squadrons—the bright cuirasses of the heavy dragoons, the waving pennons of

the lancers, the soldier-like bear-skin caps of the grenadiers, the gay costume of the light infantry, the multitude of plumes and banners fluttering in the breeze, the magnificence of the marshals and their staff, the royal *cortége*, the bands of inspiring music—these, set off by the glowing sun, produced an effect that cannot be described.

Then, the Champs Elysées on a gala-day—the temporary stands from which all sorts of eatables were gratuitously distributed to the populace ; the fountains of wine, playing into the jars and cups of all who chose to adventure getting near them ; the theatres, puppet-shows, jugglers, mountebanks, the games of every description, dispersed throughout the green sward ; the quadrilles and waltzes, for those who liked to trip it ‘on the light, fantastic toe ;’ all species of music, from the wandering Italian and his hurdy-gurdy to the Jullien of that day, with his magnificent band—these all formed an entertainment delightful to the multitude.

The rejoicing usually concluded with a pyrotechnic display, commencing with a flight of five thousand rockets of various colours at one *coup*, and terminating with the ascent of a balloon, loaded with every species of fireworks, which, bursting high in the air, illuminated by their momentary blaze the whole hemisphere.

And here a slight digression may be pardonable, in favour of that unhappy, distracted country, France—a country which, within the memory of living man, has witnessed the extinction of three legitimate monarchs, the abdication of the ‘man of the people,’ the deposition of the Orleans dynasty—a country which has been the scene of three sanguinary revolutions, and, for all we know to the contrary, may again be involved in civil or other warfare.

The feverish and restless state of the nation ever ready for a change—may, at an hour’s notice, set aside the empire of Napoleon III. the wisest and bravest man that has ever

ruled over the destinies of that fickle race—brave not alone in animal courage, for that is the characteristic of every Frenchman, but morally brave, animated with but one motive—the good of his country. Napoleon proceeds firmly and conscientiously in what he conceives the right path of duty. No threats from the Anarchists, no taunts from the Conservatives, no hostility from his supporters, will induce him to swerve to the right or the left. If he cannot ‘command success,’ at least, he ‘deserves it.’

I must now put on my seven-league boots, and, passing over a year in France, bring the reader to the period when, having accepted a staff appointment with my father’s old and highly-valued friend, General Marston, about to proceed to Canada, I found myself at the George Inn, Portsmouth.

Upon inquiring for the General, I was ushered into his presence. On making my bow, I saw before me a fine, military-looking man, apparently forty years of age. His

deportment was dignified and commanding; and there was an urbanity in his manner which at once relieved me from all embarrassment. He spoke of my family in the kindest strain, and complimented me, in very courteous terms, for the zeal I had evinced in joining him at the earliest period, for I had posted from Dover, so as to reach Portsmouth on the day previous to the one named for our sailing.

Little occurred during our stay in the garrison. Happily for me, my time was so much occupied, that I had scarcely a moment to brood over my griefs. The thought of parting from Ellen Ramsay, for what then appeared an age, was one of agony. I had written to her on my arrival in England, and anxiously awaited her answer, to cheer me during our prolonged separation.

The General's baggage all being on board, and the ship reported quite ready, we only waited the going down of a fresh summer's gale from the westward, to embark. On the

morning of the 18th of June, the wind suddenly veered to the north; and, knowing the anxiety of the General, I had taken care to have the first information of a change of wind—which fact I communicated to him early, so that we were quite prepared for a call.

At nine the Admiral politely sent his flag-lieutenant to announce to us that the ‘Rokeby’ would sail at twelve. Shortly afterwards, a little ‘mid’ made his appearance, with a note from Captain Warwick, to say that he had ordered a cutter to the sally-port, to take on board our servants and traps, as soon as they could conveniently be sent down, and to tell the General that the flag-ship’s barge would lie in waiting at the same place at eleven, to take him and suite on board.

The Captain added—“I am sorry I cannot accompany you; but it will be necessary for me to be in attendance at the Admiral’s office up to the last minute. Having a fast gig of my own, I shall hope to be on board in time myself, to receive you—if not, the first-lieu-

tenant will show you your quarters, and do the honours."

The gallant Captain, however, did not come on board until nearly one o'clock; and, as I learnt from his coxswain, that he was clear of the Admiral's office, which was nearly opposite the 'George,' at eleven, that he embarked at the hard at Portsea, I arrived at the conclusion that he, like some of ourselves, had some adieux to make, which, in peaceable times, affect soldiers and sailors, bound for an indefinite period to foreign climes, or countries, with a weight infinitely more oppressive than when hopes run high, and honour, glory, and speedy promotion are in the ascendant—when, as I soon heard from my messmates of a month, a standing toast in the gun-room on the West India station used to be — 'Continuance of a sanguinary war, and a sickly season!'

Shortly before eleven we left our comfortable quarters at the 'George;' at eleven—the walk not being more than five minutes to

the sally-port—the Admiral did the General the honour of accompanying him on foot, as the offer of his carriage had been declined. The ‘old and bold’—at that time quartered at Portsmouth—were marching towards the Common, to fire a *feu-de-joie*, it being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Remnant as they were (being less than four hundred strong), a finer body of men was seldom to be seen; and, as they had all just been newly clothed, they looked as British soldiers should look.

The Lieutenant-Governor was at their head, and, seeing the General and staff (for with the Admiral’s party we appeared an imposing *cor-tége*), a few hasty words were exchanged with the commanding officer, when the Lieutenant-Governor and staff rode over to us, dismounted, and entered into conversation with my chief, the purport of which I did not hear; but the meaning was soon apparent; for, instead of continuing our walk direct to the sally-port, we debouched a little to the left, and proceeded to

the parade-ground, which hereabout nearly joins the High-street. The regiment, in the mean time, had formed into line; the words "Rear rank take open order" were given; and the usual honours were paid.

The saluting over, we proceeded to the sally-port, and there found a twelve-oared barge—the Admiral's own—manned by a dozen handsome and well-made fellows, such as were at that time to be culled from the crews of our men-of-war. The number required being only two or three per cent. of the ship's company, they were sure to be the *élite* of the crews. The coxswain was no way behind his men in appearance; neither did the lieutenant of the flag-ship, who on this occasion was ordered to attend, nor the midshipman do discredit to the crew—all were neat and orderly.

Black shiny hats, a little on one side, with the ship's name in gold on a black ribbon band; duck trousers and frocks, the collars turning over, lined with light blue calico, and knowingly stitched; black silk neckcloths, brought

round in front, and passing through a ring ; a bit of marline round each waist, to which was appended the necessary buck-horn handled knife ; shoes with a superabundance of tie, long in the quarters, completed the costume.

On the beach stood two of the men, at the foot of the gang-board, each holding the end of a boat-hook—the staff painted green. In the head-sheets stood two more, holding the other ends of the same staves. Behind them stood the next six respectfully, hat in hand, showing the curling black head-gear, and a plenteous crop of dark whiskers.

One on each quarter was engaged in keeping the boat from swaying from the direct right-angle with the beach, through the little run which there generally is on beaches in the least exposed situations. At this time it was rather more than usual ; the wind having veered to the southward of east, had increased in freshness.

I noted all these things most particularly, from the singular contrast they offered to my

last embarkation, when I was huddled together with three or four brother-officers, with as many men as the boat could hold, and more than would have been safe had a breeze sprung up—where, so far from respect being paid to persons, we found seats where we could ; and so far from apologies for treading on our toes being offered, I was actually holding one foot in my hand, my knee drawn double from a crunch by the greasy, tarry, black-handed transport-sailor who rowed the stroke oar, and who did it, I verily believe, on purpose.

The contrast was, indeed, great. Cordial adieux and bows over, the General entered the barge, followed by his aides-de-camp and his military secretary. Assisted by the arms of the crew, we seated ourselves on handsome Morocco cushions, resting our feet on a variegated rug made of bunting.

Scarcely, however, was the order given to shove off, which was obeyed with a little too much alacrity and force, when a lop of a sea, a little higher than usual, seeming to take offence

at being so unceremoniously pushed against, took the liberty of fairly looking into the stern-sheets, and in an instant the whole party (except myself and the little mid, who, being junior in rank, sat nearest the stroke oarsman) were, from the hips, as well drenched as if they had stepped over the gunwale into the water.

The General made light of it—pretended, in fact, to like it; while I inwardly chuckled, and had it not been for the presence of naval officers and the crew, who were themselves in a broad titter all the way to Spithead, I should have laughed outright. I inwardly chuckle even now, when I read over the occurrences of that day, and of those times (for be it known to you, gentle reader—if gentle be your sex or nature; or savage reader, if you be yourself a writer and envious, or a critic, and of course ill-natured) that acting up to the advice of the respected pastor of Courtenay, I entered all my doings into a journal—

“You will,” said he, when giving me his

parting blessing, “find, in keeping a record of events passing before your eyes, or in which you take part, the greatest possible benefit. Write it when you can spare time. Note roughly down in your memorandum book (presenting me with a handsome bound one to commence with) incidents you think worth descanting upon. Fill up your journal as opportunities offer—daily, if possible—for you will find that you have, as it were, reviewed your own conduct; and nothing that I know of can tend more to attune the mind to right and noble efforts of manhood, than adopting such a system.”

My poor old mother, too—not old then, but graceful and handsome enough to impress with a look—who well knew her place in my affections, and my respect for her slightest wish, added—

“Do, my boy! and instead of writing letters, send me fair copies of your journal, which I will acknowledge as often as I receive them. You can then destroy the rough notes. I will

carefully preserve your communications : when you return, many a happy evening will we have in reading over passages in your to be, I fear, eventful life, and hearing you enlarge upon them."

I promised ; and from that period to the time I am writing of—aye, even to the present moment have I kept my word ; and as my mother prognosticated, many were the evenings we passed in expatiating on the events of my early campaigns and experiences, my sisters listening with open mouths, and varying sensations, sometimes affected to tears, sometimes giving vent to peals of merriment that made the old walls ring again.

To that system do my readers of whatever temper or shade, owe the amusement—or as it may be—I am endeavouring to provide for them. The *cacoëthes scribendi* to which I plead guilty, had its rise in journal-keeping ; for little did I think in those days, of book-making.

I wrote as a duty. I found by so doing, in

remarking upon the conduct of others, I corrected many errors of my own. I found afterwards—for I did not disguise from my brother officers that I kept a record of events—I found that I was looked upon as a sort of authority—that on all disputes as to times, dates, and occurrences, I was referred to; and I found more—I found, when I handed fearlessly the rough remarks I had made, even on transactions in which my comrades, commanding officers of detachments, brigades, or divisions figured, that my comments were approved, never in a single instance giving offence. I found also that applause did not spoil me; and I fancied, and am sure it was true, that, humanly speaking, I became a better officer and man.

We had a stiffish pull to the Rokeby, the wind having freshened and got to the southward of east. I could see, as we neared her, she was hove short, for her buoy was close to her bow. I may as well here state, that, as a lad, I had much experience in boats, and

afterwards in my uncle's yacht ; a large piece of water in our own park at Courtenay Manor—punts, sculls, and four-oared boats, in which we were occasionally allowed to use a sprit-sail ; afterwards came the Thames, and all the water consequences of being on its borders, in the summer holidays ; Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, during the time my regiment was quartered at the former place.

My father found I had in early life learnt so much, that at one time, as has already been mentioned, it was doubtful which profession was to have the high honour of calling me its own. In my earlier days, like all English lads, I dearly loved dabbling, either on a large or small scale, in the water ; and even now I have no greater pleasure than watching the apings on the Serpentine—aye, and—under the cloak of amusing boys—taking a part in rigging and racing cutters and schooners myself.

Think not that I like the sea as a sea—oh, no, not at all. I like it much when all is

sunshine, a nice breeze, a fine vessel under my feet, good company, shortish sailing hours, trials of speed, trawling, and a comfortable dinner as a wind-up. But in a transport, or other uncomfortable craft, a close prisoner for hours, days, weeks, and months; or in the finest of yachts, or the noblest of men-of-war, in rain or mist, in squalls or gales, on a lee shore, or not knowing one's whereabouts, those who like the sea then—who call going there a pleasure, ought, in sailors' phrase—but no, I cannot mention the nautical metaphor.

Be assured, there is no *worser* place for pastime on earth, in my opinion, under the aforesaid circumstances. Let it suffice—I was fond of steering and sailing. I soon knew the name of every vessel (at that time there were not so many) in the Royal Squadron; and, when cruising with my uncle, was the only one who could descant upon rig and cut of sails, in a way that quite astonished my worthy, albeit un-nautical relative, who knew no more about his yacht, than nineteen out of

twenty of those who, in the present time (I verily believe, hating it all the while), are owners of vessels, because it is a fashion.

To illustrate this position, let me record a trite saying of a brother amateur sailor, whom I invited to sail with me only a few weeks ago, when a weatherly tide had raised a little 'bobble' in the Solent.

"I can't see the pleasure of going to sea to-day," replied this marine Major Sturgeon ; "a swing in the garden, with a man to water one's face at every descent, will quite answer the end."

I remember, too, an incident that occurred to my uncle, who had got together a variety of technical sea phrases, the meaning of which he knew as little of as the Man in the Moon.

"The wind, Sir, has moderated, and it looks fine," said the Captain, looking down the companion, after a squall in which we were caught, near the Nab, in a most unusual and extraordinary effort to go round the Wight in a cutter of eighty tons.

“Very well,” responded my uncle; “then set the tiller, shake a reef out of the main boom, and get back to Cowes as quick as you can.”

To return : I improved my nautical knowledge in the transport voyages. I learned from the mate of the *Albion* to take an observation, work the latitude, keep a reckoning by the tables, called by inspection, and I paid him for it. From him, too, I learnt the names of most of the ropes of a ship, watched their uses, and by the time I got back to old England, he thought I knew as much about the working of a ship as himself. He was a good fellow, amusing to talk to, full of nautical anecdote, and, I believe, really took a fancy to me. I am happy to say, very soon after his return, I was instrumental in obtaining for him, through a brother officer, whose father was a West Indian merchant, the command of a fine ship, in the Jamaica trade.

This, reader—gentle, I hope—is another episode; but as you go on, you will find it a

necessary one, for since I am by-and-by to tell you of technicalities on the 'Briny,' you would otherwise wonder a mere soldier should know so much about them; and it is, besides, necessary to account to you how it was I knew 'the ship was hove short, by the buoy being close to the bow.' Now, we will go on again.

We were saluted in the boat by a long shrill whistle; after that the General was received by the first-lieutenant (who apologised for the Captain's absence), a guard of marines, and the usual complement of guns.

"Allow me to introduce the officers of the ship," said the first-lieutenant.

"Presently," responded the General; "but before you do so, pray let me go to my cabin, where I can change my pantaloons and undergarments."

The Rokeby had her courses and topsails loose, with 'blue Peter' at the fore, when we arrived on board. The quarter-deck was clear; but I could see the capstan-bars were ready on

the carronades, and no doubt they had been unshipped to make a clear deck for the grand reception. No sooner had the General gone down the companion, than the arms of the marines were ordered from the present to the shoulder.

“Order arms!—Unfix bayonets!—Shoulder!—Port arms!—Right face!—Dismiss!—Down below!” said the serjeant. “Put on working dresses!”

Then came “Ship capstan-bars!—Swifter there!” and “Down with a tackle from fore and mainyards! Others from the stay to be ready to hoist the Captain’s gig, boatswain!”

“Aye, aye, Sir!”

It was set about.

“Twelve o’clock!” reported the mid of the watch.

“Make it so,” responded the ‘first.’

“Signal-man, do you see the Captain’s gig coming off?”

“No, Sir—I can’t see her at the sally-port.”

“Then she must have left—look sharp!”

I ventured to remark she had left the sally-port before we did, and I heard the lieutenant of the flagship say, had gone up the harbour.

“Oh!” exclaimed the ‘first,’ “I know. I—as the Frenchman said—smell von big rat! That’s it, eh!—Doctor! the Captain’s gone to Portsea!”

“Then it’s true!” responded the surgeon; “I only hope he does not mean to bring her on board.”

What all this mysterious conversation meant I afterwards learnt, but then could only guess. After a conclave of the officers had talked for a few minutes, and some agitation as far as the action of hands and arms was apparent, the ‘first’ called to the signal-man to look again.

“No signs, Sir!”

“Mr. Simms” (the mid of the watch), “you look!”

“Can’t see her, Sir.”

“Hand me a glass!” and standing on a carronade-slide, leaning it on the clean white

hammock-cloth, he carefully scanned the small channel and the beach.

“Pipe to dinner; and tell the men they may be called up before two bells.”

“Aye, aye, Sir!”

Then out came three varying peals from the boatswain and his mates, which I then heard for the first time; but afterwards became familiar with, as twice each day by the same sound the crew were called to their meals with extreme regularity.

“Now,” exclaimed the “first,” “let us have a snack, for we may not be able to dine at our usual hour—at least, if we go through the Needles;” then turning politely, but frankly, to us, he introduced himself, asked our names, and presented us to the other gun-room officers, whom the rumour of the Captain having gone up the harbour had brought on deck.

We were asked to walk down into the gun-room, which was under the Captain’s cabin, and was lighted and aired by a skylight open

on the main deck, which again borrowed light from another over it on the quarter-deck, and which, when the capstan-bars were shipped—as at the time I speak of they were—was covered with gratings. Going from bright sunshine into this place, it was one of almost positive darkness, or, for a time, only light enough to make “darkness visible.” Seeing that I almost groped my way with my hands, my conductor, Doctor Balquidder, a bonnie Scot, told me I should see presently, and quite well, when the bars were unshipped, and the gratings off.

“Abaft there!”—words that for many a year rung in my ears—and out of a still darker place came a servant lad.

“Take the officers’ hats; put some cold meat on the table, wine and beer—bear a hand!”

We were seated alone for a time with the doctor and marine-officer; for although half-a-dozen voices were talking, and loudly too, they were still invisible. Presently, however, door

after door opened from either side of the ship, and first, second, and third lieutenants, master, and purser made their appearance from places I afterwards found were their own peculiar castles—their cabins, each six feet by six feet, lit by a small pane of glass, called a scuttle, containing their cots turned up so as to form sofas, by day, and all their worldly goods, a sea-chest holding their habiliments, a quadrant, a Norie or old Hamilton Moore, Bible, Prayer-Book, Rasselas, and Johnson's Dictionary.

The doctor, the purser, and the marine-officer, being idlers, each offered to take charge of one of us. We were to dress in their cabins after they had themselves cleared out, or made way ; and we were shown our cots then lying together on the deck, 'abaft,' which had been prepared, and would be hung up for us at night in the eating-room after ten.

Our baggage had been long on board—the heavy stowed away, the light ready to be brought to us by the gun-room steward or our own servants, when required. My companion,

the military secretary, who had all this time been fidgetty and uneasy, here asked if he might retire, to go through the same operation as our chief, having been more saturated with water than he was. A good deal of merriment was a consequence of my explanation of our *contretemps*, and I was not a little amused at the different remarks, particularly of the four sailor officers.

“Davy never asks leave!”

“No respect for Nobs!”

“Doesn’t know a prince from a powder-monkey!”

“Better stand in future, and bob to the sea!”

“Awkward reception! and not polite to a general officer, in full tog too, and coming on board in state!”

“My eye! how the old Admiral must have laughed!”

“If you please, sir,” said a mid, “Mr. Sims sent me to say, the flag-ship has fired a gun, and has a signal up; he can make out our num-

ber, but the flags being end-on, can't make out the signal."

"Very well," replied the 'first,' "let him look sharp—here, take my long glass up!"

After drinking a bumper to our better acquaintance, the 'first' went on deck. We all soon followed. The answering pendant was flying up and down with great rapidity. The wind in the harbour having veered three or four points, the flags blew out clear. The Admiral was telegraphing. Three or four glasses were at full point, and as the numbers were read out, the first-lieutenant spelling the book loud enough for us to hear—

"Why — don't — you — get — under — weigh?"

"Why, indeed!" said the 'first;' "here's a fix! hoist the telegraph-flag 231!"

"Answered, sir!" replied the signal.

"543—677—954—84—haul down!"

And that I was told meant, "Captain not on board!"

"There will be a precious row at the

Admiral's office before long," remarked the 'second' to the 'first,'—an officer, by-the-by, to whom I had taken a particular fancy.

"Flag's out again, sir!"

"Our number with them?"

"No, sir."

"What are they?"

"Outlandish, sir—not in our book."

"Oh! the ship is signalizing to the office."

For a few moments we walked the deck, I making observations to myself on its cleanliness, the neat way in which the ropes were coiled in circles, with every end pointed, and contrasting the inside appearance of the noble ship with that of the wretched transport I had so lately been immured in.

CHAPTER X.

‘He that has sail’d upon the dark blue sea
Has view’d at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight.

And, oh ! the little warlike world within !
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann’d on high.”

BYRON.

A GUN was now reported, and immediately our signal for a midshipman—“Pipe the first cutter away ! send for Mr. Sims ! lower the cutter !” Up came Mr. Sims, a smartish-looking mid, in not the smartest of dresses, having untogged himself for sea-work, he being mate of the main-deck.

“Take the order-book, and answer the signal on board the Admiral. If a shore-boat comes near you, as you pass the point, give the fellow this half-crown to go wherever the gig may be; and hand that note to the coxswain, to be immediately given to the captain—the coxswain knows where he is.”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

And away dived Mr. Sims below. The cutter was lowered—the mast ordered to be stepped. In less than no time up came Sims, quite a different-looking young man—coated, cocked-hatted, and bedirked—with a roll of canvass in his hand, which, I afterwards learned, was the covering of the order-book. While the boat, with its crew, was scudding under a big sail on this duty, the second lieutenant, Mr. Train, asked me if I would like to go over the ship, and see the men at dinner—for it was not yet two bells, or one o'clock—an offer which I accepted with pleasure.

Nothing could exceed the cleanliness, the order, or the appearance of the main-deck, on

which, outside the captain's cabin, were mounted twelve long eighteen-pounders on each side, and, I was told, two more in the cabin. She was what was then called an eight-and-thirty—a rating that, of late years, has been abolished—the present system approximating nearer to the number of guns carried.

The 'Rokeby,' carronades and all, mounted forty-eight, with a spare port in the eyes of the main-deck and forecastle. I was much struck with the fine appearance of this deck, which was then almost clear; so that one could see from end to end; only a few men and a tame sheep being on one side round the grog-tub, the allowance of rum-and-water being served out, the sheep butting one and the other for his share of the last, or clearing out of the tub, which I saw the quadruped drink with as much apparent gusto as a biped would have done under similar circumstances.

Apropos to tame sheep in men-of-war: some of our regiments are distinguished by animals

—goats, deer, dogs; nay, even elephants—who are always great pets, and on marches generally take the lead. I found that, on board ship, Jack usually managed to make a friend of one or other of the captain's sheep, ordinarily a horned one, who was allowed to do what he liked, his food being mostly biscuit at sea, but in the harbour, anything that the sailors had to give him.

The woolly favourite was frequently learned—could do tricks, had peculiar habits—always resenting even a look from those who offended him, and almost fondling those who were kind to him. Some were not averse to getting drunk, if Jack would give them enough, and not unfrequently some would 'chaw,' not swallow, tobacco, the remains of a quid—an accomplishment which I was told belonged to the one in question.

The rule in most ships was, if the poor sheep escaped being killed in action, after it was over, he was sacrificed for the benefit of the wounded, when able to take nourishment;

and I am afraid to repeat the length of years some of them, always fat pets, attained in some of our men-of-war, whose ill or good luck had not brought them to loggerheads with an enemy afloat, or his batteries on shore.

From the main we descended to between decks ; where the men, in messes of about a dozen, from the after-hatchway forward, were talking over their grog, which they were drinking in tins from a 'kid' on each table, made with oak, fastened with remarkably bright copper hoops. The men rose as we came near them ; but Mr. Train told them to be seated ; and, apparently not to disturb them, did not go further forward.

I noticed that the after-tables were filled with marines, and two men, with each one foot shackled to a bar, and a sentry over them. I did not inquire the cause ; but, as we dived below to where the 'middies' messed, Mr. Train told me that, the night before, they had attempted to swim to a merchant-ship in the act of getting under weigh, which she did be-

fore they reached her ; and that but for the Edgar buoy they must have both been drowned—as at daylight they were seen clinging to it, and from which they were taken in a most exhausted state.

Like the gun-room, only much worse, it was some time before, as I thought, I could see ; and although closely following my guide, I managed to ‘bark’ both my shins against some tea-chests. Through a misty haze—for a ray of daylight never entered this dark abode—I perceived about a dozen mates, middies, and youngsters, sitting round a table in a way that those inside could not escape without leave of their neighbours, and neighbour’s neighbour twice or three times removed.

The avocations of this conclave were various, as almost all (after a peculiar manner of their own) were devoting themselves to the arts and sciences. One stripling, an embryo Cruikshank or Phiz, with a stumpy pen and the contents of a blacking-bottle, was delineating

the features of a weather-beaten mate, who sat with a glass of 'double-shotted' grog before him, and who went by the *sobriquet* of 'The Admiral,' the dark purple tint on the most prominent part of his visage having suggested the idea that he carried the *red* at the fore.

Another—a grateful follower of Euterpe—was attempting the Bay of Biscay on a cracked flute, thoroughly regardless of sound, time, or tune; while a more talented messmate was accompanying the air with wonderful adroitness on the rim of a glass half filled with water. The hand that produced this 'concord of sweet sounds,' would unquestionably, on immersion, have rendered the liquid of a darker hue than it originally was.

A fourth was attempting a not very difficult mathematical problem respecting a five-pound note, which a kind parent had given him to spend on his arrival at Quebec. Suppers at the 'Blue Posts' had made the subtrahend equal to the minuend, and the sign — (minus)

would at once have solved the question. A votary of Terpsichore was practising the double-shuffle of the naval hornpipe from his seat on a locker, beating a tattoo with his fists.

An aspiring ship-builder was carving a small cutter from a piece of wood, as a present to his younger brother on his return home; while an humble votary of the muses was penning a poetical effusion to his lady-love, the very essence of mediocrity—we allude to the verses, not the fair object of them.

The last I shall refer to, was employed in what is commonly called ‘taking an observation,’ not (be it understood) according to the mariner’s plan of ‘working’ one, by taking the meridian altitude to find the latitude, but by a more modern invention—that of applying the thumb of the right hand to the extremity of the nasal organ.

Upon my name being mentioned, a youngster, with great glee, claimed relationship with me.

“What, Frank Cornwallis!” I exclaimed.
“I thought you were in the Mediterranean?”

“So I was, cousin; I only joined the ‘Rokeby’ yesterday, having come round with a draft of men from Sheerness, where my old ship was paid off.”

After a few friendly interchanges, I proceeded to survey the cabin. Two miserable dwarf tallow dips, guttering over, lit the place, which looked wretched enough, but was the very focus of fun and merriment. It was, however, stilled alone for the moment or two Mr. Train and myself stood outside, looking over a row of small lattice-work, which, to borrow some of the borrowed air of the outside, was open.

I believe these places would be quite insupportable, and next to impossible to live in, were it not for the constant use of the windsail infusing fresh air into the denser atmosphere; and yet ‘honest lads, and, sometimes, bonnie lasses are bred (and fed) in ‘sic a place as that is,’’ as Burns has it, and noble and gal-

lant fellows also have commenced their professional career in this small, opaque, oppressive den. While here, we were startled with the boatswain's pipe—"All hands,—up anchor, ahoy!"

Away flew mates, midds, and youngsters, unceremoniously pushing me on one side, where I was brought up by squatting on a pewter basin of soap-suds, left out from the ablutions of one or other of the lot on a chest. Train laughed heartily. The youngster who helped most to do it was my own cousin, and, as I afterwards learnt, his basin it was, and he knew that it was exactly behind me.

"Avast pumping!" I heard him say, as he scampered up the hatchway; "water enough below." The basin, luckily for me, was not over large—the supply of water, as it always is, scanty; nevertheless, I got enough moisture to make myself uncomfortable. As I walked up the ladder with Train, the General's servant intimated, that his master wished to speak to me in the Captain's cabin, an order

I instantly obeyed. I found him lounging on a rather elegant-looking sofa, made on a locker ; opposite to which, two chairs were placed, covered, like the sofas, with light-blue satin ; all appeared new and elegant, showing Captain Warwick to be a man of taste. On one chair was seated my brother staff-officer ; a point of the finger told I was to occupy the other.

“I have sent for you both,” said the general, “to say a few words about your position here with the officers with whom you are to mess.”

We were then informed our table was settled for ; cautioned against smoking, or doing anything to offend naval discipline ; advised to give the “skipper” a wide berth, unless he encouraged intimacy ; and told to send for any books we might require from his (the general’s) own bookcases, which were apparently chests, but when opened had front folding-doors, and were lined with every modern publication.

“The captain’s coming on board, sir,” was heard from the deck, the skylight being open.

“Well,” said the general, “I think I shall remain here to be visited by him, as he did not think fit to be here to receive me. By the by, you two may as well stay with me” —rising up, as we did, of course. “Why, Courtenay, what, in the name of all that’s wonderful, have you been doing? There was no wet on that chair when Wilson placed it for you.”

I looked down, and saw, to my horror, the blue satin was no longer light, but in the middle as dark as Erebus, and as neat a rim of soap-suds in a circle as the basin itself could have made. I explained what had happened, and had to go through another edition of quizzing. The chair was put into the fore-cabin, and Wilson told to wipe and make the best of it; but from that moment to the end of the voyage the general was always asking where I had recently been sitting; and when

chairs were handed, remarked, quaintly enough —“Mind it’s dry, now.”

The captain came on board after a short time. He entered his cabin, and in a most gentleman-like way apologized for his absence. As Captain Warwick took his side-arms off, he ejaculated, in a most melancholy strain, one that made an impression on all of us—“Better, far better, had it been that I had been here at eleven!” He paused a minute, and appeared lost in a reverie.

The general hoped nothing unpleasant had happened, and then, introduced by name, we were received politely enough. Captain Warwick trusted we should make ourselves comfortable; assured us we should find ourselves among gentlemen, told us not to stand upon ceremony, as far as he was concerned, as to his cabins and resources; so out we went salaming and bowing our thanks.

For an hour no one saw Captain Warwick except the general, and from him, when what had happened was bruited about, we after-

wards learnt he had been made the confidante of a most piteous tale indeed, of which whether more anon or not, time will develop. I am tempted here to decide at once—No. But it is in the journal, and if I pass it, so sick am I become of poring by myself over the old sheets, I do not think I shall “hark back;” and yet it is enough to make a volume of itself. *Nous verrons.*

The captain, it appeared, met the cutter in the narrows, sent her off, and went himself to the admiral. Being desirous of once again seeing the Needles passage (old to me), Cowes, Yarmouth, and Hurst Castle, I changed my nether garments, and hastened on deck just in time to hear “Sheet home,” and to see the topsail sheets spreading out to the lower yardarms—to hear “belays” by half dozens—“Man the topsail halyards,” “Hoist away the topsails,” “Stamp, and go.”

The first lieutenant carrying on the duty, not a whisper being even audible in any other part of the ship. Up flew the topsail yards,

all nearly together, in about one quarter of the time that in the old Albion transport, with the “Yo, yo, yo, oh, yo,” one could have been got up; the larboard headyards were hauled round for canting to starboard, afteryards were braced for the larboard tack on the opposite way. Everything that used to be larboard is port now, and wisely; for the sounds of starboard and larboard are so nearly alike, as from distances to have often led to mistakes—to wrong ropes being let go, and interminable errors. That evil is remedied now, by borrowing a word from the helm, and lending it—without a prospect of paying back—to all other parts of the ship, and their belongings. What is port now, was larboard then, and as I write of those times, must be larboard here.

“Belay, and belay again,” as the marks were in; “Ship the capstan bars,” were the next orders, they having been temporarily unshipped to make room for setting the topsails. “Stand by your nippers below; heave round,” which to the tune of a well-played fife, away walked

the men at the capstan. "Short-stay a pique," piped and said the boatswain. "Go on," ordered the "first," but it was no go; from quadratically less and less speed, still beautifully less, the fife easing off to no note at all, the capstan came to a stand still. "Walk back a bit—stand to your bars—lay out to the end—inside men to the swiftness—stand by—now heave," putting his hand to a bar. The heaves were sturdy enough; many the walkings back, many the springs forward, the bars bending to the strain, still it was 'no go.' "This can't be the ground holding this way, master." "No, never; we must have caught hold of something." "New nippers on below; more of them; and keep clear of the messenger. Try again, this time a good one. Hurrah, men! don't mind. Heave now—now together—rally, heave, hurrah!"

And away they shoved, enough to twist the capstanhead, with a shout that might have been heard at Southampton or the Land's End, and out it came; but instead of coming up

easily, cheerily, as men-of-wars' anchors ought to do when once out of the holding ground, the heave was slow and heavy.

“Heave, and in sight!” shouted the boatswain; “then heave and a wash,” which means the stock just washing out of the water, all necessary points for the quarter-deck officer carrying on the duty to know. A few feet further, then “High enough,” “Pawl the capstan,” “Avast heaving,” “Out bars,” “Hook the cat,” “Man the cat fall,” “Haul taut,” “Run away the cable.” The lieutenant of the forecastle (my new ally, Train), the first lieutenant, and the boatswain, each speaking in his proper place, the latter blowing away at his whistle; his cheeks like parchment, the longest part of his face athwart ships. “Cable enough.” “Walk away with the cat.”

Here again, with a couple of hundred men at the same rope, the anchor ought to come to the cat head without a check; but this time it was sulky, and refused to be lifted more than by a rate of inches, whereby feet or yards was

the usual order or route. Upon this I went forward to have a look over the bows; Jack stared to see a sodger officer on the bowsprit, and positively opened his mouth when I said, "the palm of another anchor is across the outer arm of yours; if you surge at all, I think it will slip off, for yours is canting now."

The fact was, the shadow prevented those looking immediately over from seeing down, but from the bowsprit, where I alone stood, all was visible. Train jumped out, saw what I did, patted me on the back, saying—

"Well done, soldier sailor," good-humouredly adding, "what would you do now?"

"Why, avast heaving the cat; try to hook the found anchor with the fish, haul him clear of the other."

"Not bad for a landsman," replied he; "but I will show you a way by which less time will be lost, as we want cat and fish for our own."

To accomplish this, a nine-inch hawser was pointed out, the bight was dropped abaft our

anchor, the main topsail was thrown aback, and a stern-board made ; the bight dropped of its own accord under the outer fluke, the end of which was brought in through the after part of the forecastle, the standing part hauled taut. Tackles were clapped on both, and hove upon until the new found one was separated and slung alongside under the forechannels.

Away again went the cat, and the ship's anchor was walked up.

“ Hook the fish—walk away—belay—on with the shank painter,” and he was secured in place. Then, again, was the cat overhauled, and the found anchor—a first-rate, remarkably old, without a stock—hooked flukes uppermost as it was slung—hove up, and for the moment, with a spare stopper passed round all, left at the cat-head. The larboard anchor was then got ready for use.

By this time the ship had paid-off, the head-yards braced round to the larboard tack. “ Up, and loose top-gallant sails,” “ Man fore and main tacks, and jib halyards,” “ Hoist

away the jib," "Haul aboard," "Let fall," "Sheet home," "Hoist away," "Out-spanker sheet," and his majesty's ship 'Rokeby' was going along nine or ten knots, with her head for the west channel; the wind rather abaft the beam, for it had southered.

It was quite refreshing to pass once more old Cowes, Yarmouth, Hurst Castle, Alum Bay, and then, the passage of passages, the Needles. I had always admired them, and was never more pleased than when the yachts ran or beat to the westward; but the sight then was far different from the sight from the deck of the 'Rokeby.' In the low yacht, one looked up to the rocks, in the frigate, one appeared to look down on them. From the yacht the passage looked ample for a fleet, the rocks themselves imposing; from the frigate, one doubted, as we neared them, if there were room enough, and the rocks looked, comparatively speaking, diminutive.

Still the sight was, is, and, until they crumble away altogether (and they are getting

smaller every year), ever will be, most magnificent. The tide was ebb—a spring, and through the passage running at least five knots, while we, with a spanking breeze and a beam wind, were not going less than ten. We literally shot through the water in an almost credible space of time, having been occupied from old Hurst until we were fairly in the channel, steering away for a fair berth past Portland Bill, which we passed before sundown.

From thence, under every stitch of canvass the frigate would bear, royals, topmast, topgallant and fore lower studding sails, we kept our speed at about ten knots, sometimes more, sometimes less, until we passed early next day the Lizard, then the Land's End, shaping our course at once for Quebec.

West-north-west, by compass, we kept the even tenor of our way for several days, without one exciting occurrence. That occurrence made a deep impression upon my mind; as through it, for something more than an hour,

the ship's company thought they had lost eleven of their number, and I feared I should never again see a man with whom I had only recently become acquainted, but for whom I had formed the strongest regard.

I allude to Mr. Train, who, ever since the occurrence of the anchor, had been my companion, or I his, during every first watch he kept, and as often at other times as he could find leisure to listen to my yarns, or spin one himself, either on deck or below. The gallant lieutenant was a capital officer and seaman, accounted so by all hands, and looked up to by the mates and midshipmen, who positively adored him. Whenever a difficult piece of duty had to be performed, he took the trouble (when time admitted) to tell them how it ought to be done, and why; then, in practice, he exemplified his teaching. He was also an excellent lunarian—not then, as it now is, a very general acquirement. From him I learnt much, and flatter myself the repetition of some of his lessons may even now, if these pages fall

into young nautical hands, chance to be of service.

We were ten days out ; still favoured by a breeze, which, for the last twelve hours, had been gradually freshning, and drawing more to the southward. During that time, our canvass had been reduced to topgallant sails, and to one the foretop-mast studding sail (all canvass below the topgallant sails being of course implied). The log had just been hove. Previously to eight o'clock p.m. I was walking with Train, when eleven knots was reported—at the same time a cry from the forecastle was heard—"Man overboard !"

Train was all alive in an instant ; order after order followed in quicker time than I have taken to write these four lines : "Down with the helm !" "Never mind the studding sail !" "Clear away the cutter !" "Steady, men !" "No letting go the falls !" "Stand by the life-buoy !" "Up courses !" (by this time all hands were on deck). Train, seizing a coil of rope, rushed aft and looked over the

lee-quarter, threw the rope, called—"Down life-buoy!" adding, "it's poor Simcoe. He's hurt! he's——. Hallet," to the 'first,' "take care of the ship"—and over he went.

The ship was still rapidly going ahead, having as yet lost but little of her way. The studding-sail boom had snapped short off at the iron, like a carrot, when the sail came aback and was flying anywhere; the wind appeared fearfully high, as the ship came near it, heeling with the press of canvass. I watched the life-buoy fast disappearing on the weather quarter; the heads were already out of sight. I had seen Train catch Simcoe by the left arm with his right hand. I saw him struggling to reach the life-buoy, then only three or four yards to windward. I as often lost both as I saw them; and, although I kept my eye on the buoy for at least half a minute longer, I feared they were both gone.

The cutter now cleared the stern, shipping a nasty sea, before the lee-oars could pull her head to wind. The captain of the mizentop,

from aloft, still saw the buoy, and pointed in the direction—the same that I and three or four more were pointing at from the taffrail. The cutter's crew, with my gallant cousin Frank Cornwallis for its mid (a youth who was ever foremost when anything was up, mischief or work, all the same to him), pulled well in the right course ; in less than a minute they were out of sight, for it was now past dusk, and fairly dark ; a black dismal cloud, which we had all day been approaching in the south-west, having taken the place of all that was left of twilight.

It was plain that dirt of some sort was coming, the glasses were falling, the wind had already drawn to south ; the top-gallant sails were furled, all hands called to reef top-sails, two reefs ordered in, which left only one out. While this was doing the wind increased, blue lights were burnt incessantly, occasionally a rocket was sent up, and lanterns were hoisted at the peak, and shown in the quarter.

To describe what I went through after the

topsails were set again, and all was quiet, except the noise of the sea and the wind, for nearly an hour, would be impossible; that long hour appeared an age. I believe, every man in the ship was straining his eyes over the water to windward for the whole time whenever a chance of seeing could be obtained. The main and mizen channels were full, every carronade had its occupants; the stern, taffrail, and quarters were crowded.

A full hour elapsed, during which the ship, after her way was stopped, had been most scientifically kept in one position, and the captain and first-lieutenant were in the act of consulting as to whether sail should be made, by a short tack or two to windward, both doubting whether the cutter could pull against the heavy sea.

The order had been given to 'haul in the lee-braces,' 'haul out the spanker,' and 'haul on board the foretack,' the sails were shaking from the actual commencement of these operations, and hope, with one and all, I think

seemed over, when a well-known voice, than whom none could be louder—the voice of Lieutenant Train — was heard from under the lee.

“Stand fast ! Heave us a rope !”

And there, sure enough, where not an eye was expecting to see her, was the cutter, with poor Simcoe still hardly clear of death's door, but otherwise all right, Train, my gallant cousin, life-buoy, and all. They were all soon on deck, the boat hoisted up, and plain sail made on the ship ; for by this time rain was added to the gusts, and the wind was fast getting to the westward.

CHAPTER IX.

‘ The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shaped surge, with high and monstrous
main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
I never did like molestation view
On th’ enchafed flood.’

SHAKSPEARE.

‘ Now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast ; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you’d thrust a cork into a hogshead.”

WINTER’S TALE.

As soon as Train had swallowed a glass of brandy-and-water, and ordered one for poor Simcoe, and for every man of the boat (while changing his dress,) I, among others crowded round him, hoping to hear how it all happened.

“A near touch,” said he—“the nearest I have ever had. I thought Simcoe was gone once. Did not doubt for myself, unless tugged down, for I never lost sight of the life-buoy; I tried hard and long to take him to it, and, like a sensible fellow he did his best; and if he had not first struck his head against the bumpkin (for he fell from the head-rail,) and if the ship had not gone clean over him, he would have done well, for there is no better swimmer on board. The seas broke nastily, unpleasantly over us, and the life-buoy could not near us fast enough, nor could we near it. I’ll have a small sail clapped to one of them.”

“Well, Simcoe never tried to touch me, but I could see his struggles were becoming weaker and weaker, and that he was taking in more water than his lee-scuppers could discharge; so when he began blessing me, and saying, ‘Try to save yourself,’ as well as gulps of the briny liquid would permit him to do, I let him go, struck out about two yards from the buoy, now close to me (it having drifted a little faster

than we did), reached it, and with the other hand grasped for Simcoe, who was literally sinking."

"I only caught his hair—but that was enough. I raised him, and put the buoy against his breast; finding it was not soft, as he told me afterwards, but something hard, he clutched it (to use his own expression) like grim Death, and, with my help, got his head high enough for breathing. In the meantime I held on tightly by the opposite side, throwing weight enough on to keep him highest. I then had time to think of our position. I saw the blue-lights and the rockets, like flashes, as we were occasionally raised on the crest of the swells, and before the seas broke over us, but the boat nowhere.

"For a long time I thought all over, and that the poor captain of the forecastle and myself, who have been in three different ships together—in many a sea, boat, and longshore scrimmage—were doomed to ship for the last time together for Davy Jones's locker.

"I did as I suppose all men would do under

our circumstances—and for both of us, too, for Simcoe was insensible. I strained my eyes long and despondingly to where I thought the cutter should be, and once more gave my mind up to prayer, when I heard—what I could not see—the oars as they were plied in their rowlocks. My voice, you know, is a loud one; and this time, even amid the wash of mighty waves and roaring wind and waters, it stood me in good need.”

“ ‘Where, Sir, where?’ I heard Cornwallis exclaim, from to-windward.”

“ ‘Dead to—’ and I was immersed before I could get ‘leeward’ out.”

“ ‘Where, Sir, where?’ cried the boy.”

“ ‘Leeward!’ roared I, leaving out the ‘dead to;’ but before I got another sluicing I had time to say—

“ ‘Don’t wind her. Back, back! Let her drop astern!’ ”

“For now I made her out. My orders were obeyed. They backed nearly on us. We were clawed in, Simcoe bringing the life-buoy with

him, from the death-clutch of which his hands could not be separated. I set the coxswain and the youngster to chafe and rub him, after the most approved method of the Humane Society, while I steered the boat. The sea ran high; the lights were clearly to be seen, apparently a long way off; but, whenever I attempted to steer for them, we shipped seas enough to keep two men baling."

"As I found I could not venture to go either in the trough of the sea, or otherwise than almost before it, up went the helm, and we passed about a quarter of a mile from the ship's stern, before wind and sea; and when I thought myself far enough to round-to, we watched the last of a heavy toppler, which almost broached us, and, if it had, would have swamped boat and all. Round I brought her head to wind and sea, all safe and right."

"It was clear to me that the ship would drift faster than we did, pulling head to it; and all doubt was over when I saw that, instead of forging ahead, she rather dropped astern,

which was admirably and judiciously managed by some one."

" ' Thanks for nothing,' said the ' first.' "

" ' So, finally,' continued Train, " without pulling so hard as to drive the boat into the seas, you fairly dropped upon us in time for me to be heard, ere you glided away from us for ever. I heard every order given, and did not begin to try my lungs until I saw what you were about, and that I had no time to spare. So ends my yarn. Another glass of grog, steward ! "

" And then turn in," said the doctor, feeling his pulse, " for you require rest. And, here, just swallow these," giving two sugar-plums : " nothing but a preparation of laudanum and calomel. "

Excited and fatigued by the events of the day, we sought our hammocks ; but none of us had much peace that night. The breeze, which I have recited, became a half-gale ere sunset—was a whole one before midnight—and the ship, when daylight dawned, was

under two close-reefed topsails, main, mizen, and fore staysails; all other sails furled, top-gallant yards on deck, top-gallant masts struck.

It blew a steady gale from south-west, with a long swell and a nasty sea up, both of which kept rising in magnitude and force. We were now not far from the banks of Newfoundland, just about the longitude that 'tails of hurricanes' are said to reach. Tails they may call them; but, if that which we experienced was a tail, preserve them that were nearer the beast's body!

At eight, Train's watch began; as usual, I found myself, soon after one bell, by his side. A rope had been run fore and aft, from the weather stauncheon of the waist rail to the mizen mast, and another further to leeward; these were to assist men going forward and aft, as the ship surged to leeward; she could not surge to windward, for the wind and sails kept her always with several degrees of list-over. Train, always standing at the gangway, peepiug to windward over the waist hammock

nettings, I had ensconced myself just behind him, listening to his conversation, as after every peep to windward he condescended to favour me with it.

“Too early in July” (it was the first), said he, “for a hurricane; otherwise I should almost think one was coming. We ought to be on the starboard tack: I have told the captain so, but he and the master, because our head looks more for America, won’t hear of it. Hope they may not rue it, that’s all.”

I ventured to ask why he thought the other tack best.

“Why,” said he, “in these latitudes and longitudes, and I believe in most others, but hereabout, or anywhere on the American side of the Atlantic, the wind always flies round the same way as the sun; it is not an uncommon thing for it to do so without the slightest warning: perhaps. just a flap of the sail, and if on this tack, with her head to the northward, aback she is in next to no time: then,

how do you think she would fare in such a sea as this?"

At the very moment he spoke, although the forecoming swell, which is the forerunner of the breaking wave, had heeled her over, a heavy topset plumped against her buttocks, ran up her side, emptied tons of itself into the waist, on the fore-castle, and the fore-part of the quarter-deck, fairly drenching both of us.

"There," said my companion, throwing the water off, but never moving a step, "that would have been a nice fellow for us to have been heeling over to, as we should be if taken aback now; whereas, if the ship's head were to the southward, and the wind so shifted, as it has often and yet may, why then it comes right aft, and you can keep your ship in a safe position."

Just then a very heavy squall came on; the main-staysail blew into ribands.

"I thought so," said he. "Ay, haul it down, to be sure, now it saves you the trouble. This comes of bending the old sail. I asked

for the new one, but that master of ours is always economising, and now I wish him joy. We must furl the fore topsail, for I think ere long we may want it more than we do now ; and it's a new one, and worth saving."

The captain was standing on the after-ladder. Train asked leave to take the fore topsail in.

"Anything you like, Mr. Train. Won't you have all hands?"

"Oh, no, Sir ; no occasion." And back again he came, calling Sims, the mate of the watch, to him. "Now, Sims, we are going to take a sail in, which I very much fear will take itself out when once we alter its position ; but we must try. You go forward and place Simcoe at the lee fore topsail sheet ; Johnson, the second captain, at the weather one. When I give the word, tell Simcoe he is to ease off, exactly two fathoms and no more ; for, in Falconer's words of truth—

'He who wishes the tempest to disarm,
Ne'er first embrails the lee yard arm.'

“So man the weather clewline well, and the weather buntline ; but don’t put too many on that at first, or you will carry it away .Let all stand fast with the weather-sheet until I give the word ; then, ease handsomely, and haul up as you can.”

“Ay, ay, Sir!”

Down went Sims into the waist, and up again at the fore-end on the forecastle, not liking the gangway passage.

“Hand me the trumpet. Put the helm up; try to keep her off a point or two, quarter-master.”

“Ay, ay, Sir. She goes off, Sir.”

“Very well, meet her ; don’t get too much way. Ease off the lee-sheet !” shouted he, in a voice that was heard above the elements : and off it went, quietly and handsomely. “A little more.” Away went another half-fathom, and the sail lifted itself as the ship heeled over, having half a mind to flap ; and if it had——. “Hold on.” “Ease off the weather-sheet.” “Clew up.” Away that went.

and smartly, too ; up it came ; and as it came gradually the belly of the sail was bound in with the buntline. That clew came safely up, and still there was no flapping. “ Now, man the lee clewline and buntline.” “ Ease off, and haul up.” Up it came, all safe enough. Presently, the buntlines were hauled so taut, and grasped the body of canvas so tightly, that furling seemed almost a work of supererogation, and so I ventured to say.

“ Not so,” replied Train ; “ a heavy gust may yet so fill him, as to make him swell like a balloon, and burst every bond ; but I must hold him tighter yet, before the men go aloft.” “ Man the weather foretop-sail !” “ Brace, and haul in.” “ Ease off the lee one.”

This was done, and, at the same time, the helm was put down, and aback came the sail, with a shake certainly, but one that did no harm. “ Up, now, topmen ! Furl him over all—any how. Be quick about it, for it is thickening again to windward.”

All that Train had ordered was done. A

new mainstay-sail was bent, but not set. The ship came up and off for the rest of that day and night, laying-to well and easily, and only now and then giving us notice that the sea was taking liberties with her, by the shocks which, with the noise of the tiller, banished sleep from those who, like us poor soldier officers, had our cots close to the fore-end of it.

A regular gale is a terrible affair in more ways than one. To be sea-sick, awful—to those who are well, most annoying; for the appetite remains at its usual height, while cooking is at zero—often below it. Feeding is lap work: fingers more useful than forks.

On the second day of the gale, although I had the day before been so drenched, I found myself, in the afternoon watch, precisely in the same position with my friend Train, but in different ‘togging.’ I had been lent a south-wester (which was tied down with a yarn), a pea-jacket, a pair of rough cloth trowsers—and, so dressed, felt myself a match for salt or

fresh water—about this time, no small quantity of the latter was flying past us.

“We shall have a change soon,” remarked Train. “I wish they would let me wear ship.” Scarcely had he said the word when it cleared suddenly right a-head to the north, and over away to the eastward. “It’s coming.” Still there was no lull; the wind still blew from west-south-west. “I see it,” said Train; “look there!” pointing to the lee-bow. Hard up with the helm. Haul down the mizen-staysail. Turn the hands up. Shorten sail.”

I looked to where he pointed. Everything above the mighty element was clear, bright, and hard-looking; but near the water was nothing but one plain mass of white, which was fast approaching the ship. As we rose on the swells we looked down on it or along it: it was a plain of snow approaching. The Rokeby still answering her helm, had gone off about five or six points, and was beginning to spin through the waters, and to roll awfully, when

a short lull took place, and the main-topsail fell for just two flaps against the mast, and the mizen-staysail, which before had been very determined to maintain her position, came down with a run.

Bang came the wind: first right a-head, with noise and roar, which put into the shade all previous roars of the south-wester, with it a sheet of salt water apparently flying along half-way up the mast, and the maintopsail-yard snapped short in the slings. At this time, although nobody on deck saw it, a slight crash was heard. The ship up to this period had not lost her way, was heading north-north-east; but now she stopped dead, her stern toward the old western swell. One foot astern she could not go; but she stuck like a rock. Three tremendous swells rolled one after the other against the cabin-windows, and over the tafrail.

The general was luckily in his cot; but the captain, with both bulk-heads, was washed clean forward into the galley, and picked up

much impaired. The unfortunate sentry was killed, and several men who were struck with the drifting materials as they flew past the guns (up to the middle of which the body of water broke) were more or less hurt.

Volumes went down all the hatchways. All was consternation everywhere; the people below not being one whit better off than those on deck. Without orders the carpenters rigged the chain-pumps. "Pump away," was the order for all who could stand to them. The ship meanwhile (by the aid of the fore-staysail, which was quite new, and was up and aback) had again fallen into the trough of the sea; but in what a position now! The sheer force of the wind on the masts and rigging (for the main-topsail—at least what remained of it—was in shreds and knots) smacking like cart whips; but the ship, the poor Rokeby, there she lay like a log in the trough of the sea, heeling with the wind over toward and against the old swell and sea, which, when shattered by the ship, plumped over her

bulwarks with terrific blows, and in awful quantities. What had been the weather, but was now the lee, side of the main-deck, was fairly loaded with water, which tended, with the wind, to keep her side immersed; and it was afterwards admitted that it looked very like upsetting.

Pointing and touching seemed the order of the day, for speaking was of no use. A turn of the hand from the first lieutenant meant, up with the helm; and was understood. A point at the mizen rigging was guessed by Train; who, catching a sailor by the collar, took possession of his knife, and began cutting the lanyards of the mizen rigging. Others followed his example, a carpenter brought an axe; but before he could give one stroke with it, away went the mast at a knot about ten foot from the deck, and down it fell over the lee bulwarks, where it lay grinding backwards and forwards, and in and out like a battering-ram, forced the wrong way by the swell.

Unless the ship forged a-head, there seemed no chance of getting rid of it ; although by this time the lanyards of the lee rigging were also cut, as well as the stays, and everything that could hold it. At one time, we thought the wheel would be knocked away by it ; every man was obliged to leave it ; the tiller being worked below, or at that moment kept ‘hard up.’ Still, there lay the ship, refusing to go off ; and no wonder ; for there was nothing but mountains for the poor thing to face.

The carpenter came on deck, holding up six fingers, which meant, six feet water in the hold. Train put his trumpet to his mouth, roaring, “Fore-topsail, or she’s lost.” The first lieutenant nodded assent. Away went the gallant fellow aloft, followed by half-a-dozen men. Those below well understood. The sheets were handed down into the waist, over to windward. Soon after the sail was let fall, and by a merciful Providence, behaved as it did before, not a flap. The lee-sheet was hauled home first—great was the list ; then

the weather one. At the same time the caronades in the forecastle and quarter-deck, on the lee-side, were one after the other, two or three together, pitched through the ports.

This eased the ship a little ; and as she righted, she shewed signs of answering the rudder, which from the angle she lay at was non-effective before. Train, seeing seven fingers held up by the carpenter, had loosed the fore-topmast staysail, determining that it was better to loose it than not to right the ship speedily. As often happens, the lighter sail stood, as they will often stand, when heavier ones fly to shivers ; and off she went, gradually righting herself as she got before the wind.

But here a new difficulty arose. The body of the water on the larboard side of the main-deck rushed over to the opposite side, from whence not a gun had been thrown. The hundreds-of-years-old anchor (all honeycombed as it was, and showing signs of infinite antiquity) was the first thing cut away ; then followed all the starboard guns of the upper

decks, and the ship soon became more under command, as although the swell continued dead on end, it was easily split by the stem and bows. The vessel still groaning, was from the sheer force of the hurricane gathering more way every minute; but at what a sacrifice! She steered, and that was all that could be said.

The fore-yard and the topsail-yard, to both of which preventer braces had by the foresight of Train, been added, bent fearfully at times like whalebone; some expected they would go; but they were tough spars, and did well their duties. It was a fearful sight to see; for now that we were not battered by the tops of waves, cut off the contrary way of their curling as they made the attempt, and so blinded, we could look forward—voices could be heard as we went somewhat with the wind. Watching the swell ahead, which as the ship pitched, seemed as though the next was coming as high as the lower yard on or over one. “Terrific,” said I.

“All right,” responded Train; “its only riding at anchor without the weight of the cables on a two-knot tideway—not worse than the middle of the North Sea or the Glenans, where I have often ridden.”

“But look! look!” I ejaculated, as we approached a most awful swell, the ship at the same time dipping into a hollow.

“Hold fast!” cried Train; “hold fast, every man.” (We were on the forecastle.)

Over it came: who can describe the height! I only heard the remark of Simcoe, who was an old whaler—“Hold hard! she’ll come up to blow presently again!” We were covered—fairly floated off our legs—and, as far as I believe, every man on the forecastle, although they denied it afterwards, thought with me that we had pitched our last. Train, too, has since told me he feared all was over.

Come up to blow, indeed! She thought long about it; and until the water we had shipped on to the main deck, after its passage over the forecastle, rushed aft, she almost re-

fused. When at length she did rise, it was with fear and trembling ; presently, however, we were again trying it on, and free of water, but still full of apprehension and anxiety.

Train now sent a message by young Cornwallis, who brought a speedy answer as two slides, one *coupé*, and a fall would allow him, and over went the two twelve-pounder fore-castle guns, next the two foremost guns of a side on the main deck. After some trouble and smashing of limbs, another pitch, another shipping of water, another heavy send aft, when orders were given to pitch over the two guns in the captain's cabin.

While that was doing, a cry was raised that the frigate had sprung a leak forward — that the water was rushing in on the orlop over the breast hoops below. The carpenter was sent for, who reported truly enough that her wooden ends were opening. I looked over the stem with Train : true it was ; all the oakum was hanging in shreds, and the stem evidently working.

“Up with two ends of nine-inch hawsers to the bridle ports. Down, Simcoe, try and pass them out and round ; we’ll watch here to help you. Up with the eight-inch here, on the forecastle.”

The forecastle being furthest from the water was not long in doing ; six turns were passed and hove taut inside by handspikes ; four frapped together brought, as they tautened to tackles, and the upper part of the stem was actually hove into its place. The work below was slower : two poor fellows were much hurt—all but drowned—when dropped down from the head ; but the work was evidently accomplished. Instead of pouring in, the water only came through by dribblets, with a wheezing noise that proved that at any rate all was tight, if not entirely stopped.

These ties or frappings were doubled as the sea began to run fair, which it did with the new north-east wind more and more, hour after hour, until the old swell was forced to assume a new shape : before evening we were

going eight knots before a moderate gale in fine clear weather. From this time to our arrival at Quebec, which happened on the fourth day after, the fair wind never left us; and, if we *except* the frappings forward, the jury mizen mast, the spare main topmast lashed to the stump of the old one, top gallant mast over, and appropriate canvass, the 'Rokeby' sailed up the St. Lawrence as though nothing had ever been the matter.

Here, after being received with all the honours, yards manned, salute fire, we landed; and soon afterwards came the wounded to the hospital, for some had broken limbs, and very severe contusions. As we knew the ship would remain in the river many weeks, there were no adieux to be made to the kind-hearted officers and jolly 'mids' with whom for nearly a month we had been domiciled. The General presented a purse of dollars for the crew—a dollar for each man, and two for the petty officers; and, on leaving the craft,

we flattered ourselves we had the hearty good wishes of all hands for our health and happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

‘’Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl.’

DRYDEN.

I NOW come to an eventful era of my life ; but, before I enter upon my Canadian experiences, I look with singular pleasure over the many pages of my journal, filled to overflowing with anecdotes and occurrences, which it now strikes me as most marvellous to have come under my observation in the space of one fortnight, and with many transactions in which circumstances—regard for a cousin the most prominent, probably—the love of fun,

strong upon me then, induced, led, or almost compelled me to take part.

I have passed them over, because 'Logs' of one ship, 'Cruises,' of another, 'Scenes in the Cockpit' of a third, and novels of all degrees up to a high number, have repeated *usque ad nauseam*, similar events; materials for which were never wanting with a fleet like ours, of above one thousand pendants, and still, no doubt, are to be witnessed in the cockpit of every man-of-war in the service, in the steerage of every frigate or sloop, in most ward-rooms and gun-rooms.

In all ships which, like the 'Rokeby,' could boast of messmates, gentleman-like, as well as jolly, a wag, or a sea wit or two, and a good 'butt' in the shape of an idler, neither ward-rooms nor gun-rooms lacked amusement; but in the berth of the 'mids,' where, if there were two or three tolerably steady, the rest were sure to be a lively, frolicksome set of youngsters, mischievous as monkeys, playful as kittens, with wits sharps and always wary, there

was never wanting incident for an observer like myself, determined to be industrious in noting down all I could collect.

Marryat has so well told similar events, and they are become so stale, that I pass over most, but one or two I cannot resist giving. I dwell not on many which I took part in: the frequent wearing of cocked hats to mark the last dealer at whist, amidst noise, tricks, and roars of laughter from ourselves—irresistible bursts, however anxious we might be to be serious, so as not only to recollect that one's partner was not one's opponent, but also what cards were trumps.

I dwell not on cutting down hammocks, in which I myself had on one occasion a hand against that mischievous cousin of mine, who had more than once made me the laughing-stock of the general, captain, and all the quarter-deck, by pretending to teach me to give the word of command in tacking ship, having previously blackened the trumpet all round the mouth-piece, and with the clearly-

marked impression of which (moustachios and imperials not being then so general as now) I went on deck ; and a second time, by pinning to my jacket-tail the very dirtiest knife-cloth that the filthiest of stewards, in the worst-ordered of midshipmen's berths, ever used, and going in it to dine with the captain, ay, and sitting on it, too ; albeit I had the same silk-covered chair I treated so ill before, and which the general called mine.

I dwell not on the games of able whackets, in which I was initiated with more force than was agreeable to my softer hands. But I cannot resist my notices of a duel—not a three-cornered one, like that so inimitably told by the author of *Peter Simple*, but one which actually did take place, showing, I opine, in most clear colours, the stuff that the animal *bully* is made of ; for, be it known, the ‘ Rokeby’s ’ youngsters had in a midshipman of some standing, as far as years went, an animal of that sort to deal with ; and there is seldom a mess or a school without one.

He had, for some reason which is unimportant, quarrelled with Sims, who was the best of good fellows, his senior in age, and seniority of rating. He challenged Sims to fight with pistols, for having pummelled him well with fists. The blustering hero vowed he would have the youngster out directly we arrived at Quebec.

“Why not here?” asked one of the oldsters.

“Ah, why not?” responded Bully, knowing it was unlikely to come off on board.

The wink was passed to Sims, who, catching the idea immediately, said—

“Why not? Be it so, in the cable tier!”

Away went one of the youngsters for pistols, which were brought with a cartouche box into the Captain’s clerk’s berth, where others soon followed to hold a consultation. I happened to come down to see my hopeful cousin, and was called in and told what was going on.

“Frank Cornwallis,” said a larking ‘middy,’ “is in the foretop; but whether he has gone aloft to reef that sail, or has taken a hatchet

with him to cut the clouds *for* to make the wind blow, I can't exactly say."

I looked somewhat surprised at this piece of nautical information, when a youth, who was brimful of merriment, continued—

"But you had better, captain, bring yourself to an anchor; and suppose you take this pin to prick for a soft board to sit upon!"

"Less *chaff*, you audacious radical! and go and call Sims," said a more sedate messmate.

Sims soon appeared, when he was shown two cork balls, beautifully cut, and so well black-leaded, that no one could tell them from the real ones that rolled about in a saucer on the table, with the ship's motion. It was now settled that the joke should be carried on, and bets ran high that Curtle—for I must give him a name—would not come to the scratch, or, if he did, that he would run before the word was given.

Two were appointed to load the pistols; only half a charge was to be put in, so that the noise might not be heard upon deck—an

unnecessary precaution, as the ship was going fast, and the sea highish and noisy. We all went into the midshipman's berth, where Curtle and all hands took their seats. A solemn discussion began on the enormity and consequence of duelling. Curtle cared not; he had been insulted, and had made up his mind to receive satisfaction.

“But,” said the Doctor (a Scotchman) “think of the saarveece, mon. Sic a thing never before took place at sea.”

“Ah!” responded Curtle, “you want to stop it;”—and believing fully it would be stopped—“but I say no. My honour is concerned: have it out, I will.”

“Then,” exclaimed Sims, “bear witness, all of you! I was challenged, called a coward. If I fall, or he falls by my hand, it is through his act. Give me a sheet of paper.”

Seizing a somewhat stumpy pen and a greasy slip of foolscap, he wrote rapidly, saying at the same time—

“Load the pistols. The sooner all is over

the better." Then folding the letter, he handed it to the Doctor's mate, who promised that his requests should be attended to.

With great formality, preparations were made for loading the pistols.

"Wrap the bullets in flannel," said Sims; "paper may light, and get between the coils of the cable. But first blow them off, to make sure they are clean."

That done, the loading commenced, and in due time was completed. I, trembling, lest a mistake should be made, rendered surety doubly sure, by taking the half-dozen leaden balls one after the other out of the saucer, putting them in my pocket, and remarking—

"We may want these presently."

Curtle for the first time looked "dashed."

"Doctor," interrupted the clerk, "have you brought your tourniquets?"

Doctor Balquidder, as I have said before, was a North Briton, a native of Aberdeenshire, and had more than usual the Scotch accent. The Rokeby was his second ship; he had only

been three years at sea. He had been assistant-surgeon of Sir Pulteney Malcolm's flagship the 'Royal Oak,' and in that capacity had been sent to assist the army surgeons on board one of the transports, which was conveying the poor fellows that had been wounded at New Orleans to England. There, in half-a-dozen weeks or so, he had seen more of gunshot and musket wounds than he would have seen for a whole life in an Edinburgh, London, or any other hospital, except perhaps a Parisian one.

He was clever in his profession—dry, and a wag withal, entering with great zest into the fun that was going on, as he would have entered into any plot that was intended to annoy the bully who was his especial aversion. He disliked Curtle for many causes, but most of all for taunting him, as a Scot, with the crime of his countrymen for selling King Charley; in which, it must be owned, he was ably assisted by most of the wags of the mess, when once it was found that a tender place

had been established, and how easy it was to raise the Doctor's cholera.

It would be quite impossible to tell, where so many were speaking at the same time, or in rapid succession, a tithe of what passed on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion—every one chiming in with some dry, witty, or shrewd remark; the whole bearing of which, was intended to alarm the bully more and more. Balquidder was the principal actor, and him alone I can attempt to follow, the more particularly so, because, whenever he spoke, something to raise the cachinnatory muscles was expected, and he was listened to when no one else had even a chance of getting in a word edgeways.

“ Ah, weel ! ah, weel ! ” said he—“ if wilfu' mon will be wilfu' here as in ane place else, he must e'en ha' his way. All that we puir mortals can do, is to tak' heed that we do our ain duties on the melancholy occasion. Where's the gilly ? Gang and tell the loblolly boy to bring a laarge basin of warm water, the laarge

and the wee sponges, and that, in all human probabeelity, I shall stand in need o' his assistance. Will ane o' you younkers just bring me my marking irons? You ken the box—mahogany, bound in brass; it stands in the dispensary."

Away flew one of them.

"It's a'maist a pity I did nae buy a fu' surgeon's case; that ane cost me seventeen poonds ten shilling, besides the carriage, and five-and-sixpence for a leather case t'it, and one-and-twapence for a box to pit it in—twapence more than was right. The fu' surgeon's wad ha' cost just feeve poonds mair; but poonds were nae so plenty—the journey fra Aberdeen considered all the way to Portsmouth, where I joined; so, after joining, seventeen poonds sixteen and eightpence just cleaned me oot, for little did I think I had to find my ain instruments to cut up his Majesty's lieges; but they told me 'twas the reegulations, so I hope the laddy won't drop it."

Here the case was brought. As the Doctor took off the leather coating, and applied the key to unlock it, he proceeded—

“To think that a’ those tools that ha’ done sic saarveece”—taking out the two blades of saws, and commencing to screw the handle on the largest, wiping the ointment off with a piece of rag—“just at the finish o’ a bluidy war, should noo be wanted, mair than likely, in consequence o’ a feud between mon and mon: now, in time o’ peace, just too, after the teeth ha’ been set after o’er mickle practice in that abominable transport, where I experienced banyan-days enough to last for a life. I’d thank ye, gentlemen, just to keep your mou’s a wee bit further fra the instruments; your breath contains moisture, more or less, althay in this murky place it’s nae veesible.”

Balquidder here carefully laid the saw, now with its handle on, down, and taking out a probe, about seven or eight inches in length, soliloquized as follows—

“You, too, my trusty probe! mony and mony was the bullet you found after that awfu’ affair, New Orleans! laarge ones, too, some o’ them were. The Yankees, I was told, were

ower fond o' rifles ; but I can tell you they ha' muskets with large bores anew, after all, if not too large : a ba' of decent dimensions is nae so dangerous as a wee one is after it is lodged, You can find the large ane easily with the probe, even if it be three or four inches buried ; but all the college canna find the buck-shot things, or the wee ones used wi' duellers. I hope, gentlemen, you're pitting good-sized ba's in : the wee anes get round corners o' banes, and although you may probe five or e'en sax inches, it's all to nae purpose : the ba' must be left to its ain billet for aye, or till the body is handed o'er for dissaction ; then it is ta'en oot, covered wi' substeeance would surpreese you to look on, and mak' you wonder hoo the patient could ha' lived sae long as mony do, with ba's in a' sorts o' places."

"What's this, Doctor?" inquired the clerk.

"That? Why, mon, it comes into use after we ha' found the ba wi' the probe ; it is naething mair or ae less than the forceps, dif-

ficult enou' to use when the ba' is buried far in ; for, you ken, we must ha' room to open the handles wide enou' for [the nipping paart to tak' the ba' in its clutch ; and if deep-seated, we're obleeged to inceese for the purpose."

"Inceese ! what the dickens is that ?"

"Why, just to widen oot the hole, so as to spread the handles so" (suiting the action to the word) ; "and that we do wi' this" (taking out the amputating knife), "or this" (producing a smaller one). "Awfu' trying to my feelings when I had cut o'er deep—nae doot, for the matter o' that, to the feelings of the patient too—before I got use to it. Sometimes we had to cut where there is an airtery, that we catch up wi' this ane, the airtery forceps ; and when we hae got it, we hae it held up by an assistant o' ane side oot of the way, and up highish, with this, ca'll tenaculum" (wiping away, as before, amid deep silence, most of us being deeply interested).

"And i' by chance," he proceeded, "and

its nae uncommon, the ba' sticks against a bane—as I farevently hope ane o' they you've wrapt sae carefully in swaddling flannels, and pit into they fire weapons, may not—we tak' this, the bane clipper, and grope awa'. If we find the bane shattered, we clip awa' the spleentered bits: it's always o'er bad surgery to leave bits o' bane behind; to mak' a' right we smooth the damaged bane, after denuding it with this, the raspatory—you see, nae unlike a file, having something of the properties o' that article; and if ba's mak' holes in heads, as Selby's did in Stackpole's, the great dueller's, at Jamaica, where I was twa years or sae, gone by—which guid Providence forbid either o' they may in the heads o' you, poor sinners!—then these trephines come into request; and this, the head saw, and the fro-cars—a beautiful pair they are—and the scalpels, a' which by the reegulations we're obleeged to ha' sax. Noo wi' the sceessars, and the spatula, I think I hae got oot all I can possibly want, and I am well proveeded

against casualties which must inevitably occur when apologies are sworn nae to be made, worse luck, and fights gang on till bluid flows on one side or the other. Mind you, gentlemen! the loblolly boy will borrow the loan o' your table-cloth, which is nae' o'er clean, having been in use nearly a fortnight. He will spread it on the table—nae sic a bad one for an operation, wi' candles anew." Locking up the rest of the instruments. "You'll get down as quick as you can, for time is precious noo" (addressing the loblolly boy), "a can o' hot water, and anither of cold, and pit the sponges in a basin here, and the tourniquets" (pointing to a seat on a locker), "and a roll of Baynton's adhesive plaster, a smattering o' lint, a sma' modicum o' white cerate, and I think all is provided."

Bully had shown no sign of flinching; and I felt quite sure he either had pluck, was "wide awake," or expected the whole affair would explode before the pistols did.

"And noo, gentleman, aince mair—a's

ready ; and if there's to be cutting, slashing, probing, nipping, sowing up, or plaistering, I am the lad—aye ! or bone-sitting either. Put two spleents on the locker !”

“ Aye, aye, Sir !” responded “ lob.”

“ And the sooner we gang to business the better, for time grows precious.”

There was a general move, Curtle at last turning very pale, while two pearls of perspiration oozed out just in the centre of his forehead. At this moment came down my hopeful but gallant cousin (now an honoured Admiral of five years standing), who, guessing from the move—the lights ordered to the cable-tier—and the sight of the pistols, that a duel was in the wind, called me on one side—

“ Oh Philip ! Philip ! how could you assist in such a matter as this ? Stop it Philip—stop it ! or I will, at all hazards, tell the first lieutenant—cost me what it may. Stop, stop it, pray ! I hate the beast ! Much reason have I, if bruises many and oft could speak for me. But oh !—all unprepared without a

moment's reflection—oh! let it not happen! And poor dear Sims, too, to be led into such an affair—the bravest and best. Oh, put an end to it, Philip!”

Real, genuine, honest tears coursed themselves down the lad's handsome face. I could have hugged him to my heart of hearts. I whispered—

“ ’Tis all fun—Curtle is the only person not in the secret. The pistols are not loaded with balls— only cork, which can't hurt much.”

To describe the transition!—

“ Capital! glorious! won't I help? Tell Brassey ” (the second to one of them, I forget which) “ to keep them talking till I come down: they're killing one of the captain's sheep!”

Away he rushed. I told Brassey that Cornwallis was gone for some sheep's blood. As we proceeded along the wing, where a few dips were being stuck to the stauncheons—for, as the doctor said, “ In deeds of daarkness the daarker the better, sae lang as they can

jist see ane anither"—my coz arrived with a small pannikin, such as the men drink their grog from, and in a low tone of voice said—

“All ready ! let the play go on.”

The clerk heard, and became spokesman.

“They must toss for choice—one must sit on the cable forward, the other aft. The cable will deaden the sound more than the wing. Here, run this line along”—(it was just eight yards !) “they must not be too far apart, as there is only half a charge of powder.”

“Quite enough for that distance,” chimed in ‘Hopeful.’ “I sent a ball through an inch plank the other day, with only half a charge, at ten yards ; and you too, Tom—”

“Yes,” responded the one addressed ; “and I picked up my ball fourteen yards from the place, all battered by the brick wall, you know.”

Of course I need not say there was not one word of truth in these remarks.

I was then asked to ‘toss.’ Curtle was to

cry, which he did in a husky voice, "Heads!" I turned over the half-crown, and said "Tails!" so that his adversary might choose the darkest place. Sims, not intending to aim at all, had provided himself with his cap, having some regard for his eyes, and a misgiving as to whether even a piece of cork might not be disagreeably propelled a few yards; and meaning, as I saw he did (when the time came), to turn his face away. The seats were chalked, for the belligerents were compelled to sit on the cable, it being too raised for standing room.

"Now," said Brassey, taking his station in the wing, "instead of looking at me to drop this handkerchief, which you may not see in the light, and which always diverts attention, I think it best to give the words—'One—Two—Fire!' You will be able to take better aim at one another, instead of peering for the handkerchief. At 'One!' you will each cock your pistols (one being now handed to each); at 'Two!' you will take aim; and when I say 'Fire!'—but on no account till then, and I will

give you plenty of time to cover one another—you will know what to do.”

Curtle here showed signs of a move, looking behind him over my cousin's head, who had crunshed himself into the smallest possible space abaft the cable, pannikin in hand.

“Gallant fellow!” exclaimed he; “covers Sims well. I think he is going to run. Stand to your guns.”

“Now, gentlemen, said Brassey, “please to keep out of the line of fire—balls are apt to glance. Is it yet too late to make apologies?”

“I have none to offer,” replied Sims.

Curtle seemed not to hear.

“Then, once more, recollect the word—I will repeat it again—‘One!’ (a pause); ‘Two!’ (a longer one than the last); ‘Fire!’ When that comes, may evil consequences be averted! but if not—”

Here the clerk pretended to be overcome with his feelings, as he muttered some unintelligible words. He soon recovered—

“Stand by. ‘One!’”

Click went both pistols, and down went Sims’s averted head.

“Two!”

Over spun Curtle on his seat, rolling on to the deck. In his fall off went his pistol; he scrambling up, left it behind, and darted for the hatchway several yards away.

Sims heard the report, looked round, saw his adversary gathering himself up, thought he had fired without the word, and rushed after him, exclaiming, “Coward, and murderer to boot!”

“Pull foot!” cried coz himself, rushing alongside of Sims; “pull foot! pink him—pink him on the ladder.”

Curtle had a good start, but stumbled at the third step, by which untoward accident Sims came up before he cleared the top, just in time to fire his pistol within a few feet (or less, I believe) of the flying foe. Over went the bully, likely enough from the impetus of the explosion, or from tripping over the combing,

flat on the deck. Before he could rise, 'Hopeful,' without being discovered, had contrived to drop about half a gill of the sheep's blood on the white trousers of the prostrate coward, exactly where it ought to have been—the place being clearly defined by the smoke, and the flannel wadding wedged in by the cork. Had it not been from the load of flannel, and a slight obliquity in the aim, I verily believe the cork would have taken effect; as it was, the blow that Curtle had received was a stinger.

Clearing himself from Cornwallis, who tried to push him down the ladder, away rushed the wounded Curtle; but not before Mr. Train, the officer of the watch, had come down from the quarter-deck. The Captain, followed by the General, made their appearance from the cabin, close to which all this had taken place. The first lieutenant, who was taking a nap in the gun-room, followed by all the officers and men of the watch, had gathered aft; and those below were turning up with all speed. 'Bully' saw not, heeded not, but made for the quarter-

deck ladder, crying "Murder! murder!" both hands clapped behind—(I and others had sneaked up the middle hatchway, and were spectators in the crowd); but his way was barred by numbers.

"I'm shot!" he exclaimed, beginning to dance first on one leg, then on the other, when down fell the cork, rolling towards the captain, who immediately demanded—

"What has happened?"

"I'm dead—I'm dying!" bellowed Curtle, and he began to perspire, and looked white indeed. Seeing the ball picked up by Train, as it rolled away, he faintly exclaimed, "Thank Heaven it is out!" and fell into the nearest arms in a real fit—not, however, before he had answered Captain Warwick's question, "Who did it?"

"Sims! Sims! my murderer!"

I may here remark—although the *dénouement* is yet to come—that Curtle was taken below; the ship's surgeon now attending, as in duty bound, by the captain's orders; that Train,

who from the first had suspected the trick, had shown the cork to the captain and first lieutenant! that the breach of discipline, in using fire-arms below, made a great sensation; that examinations took place; that the gallant midship never allowed my name to be even mentioned; that Sims was dis-rated and in disgrace; that he would have been kept so long, perhaps, but for the interference of the kind-hearted General; and that both himself and Captain Warwick were positively uproarious with merriment when they heard from me much more of what took place than I have indited here.

My note-book contains only the following words—"The Doctor operated on Curtle—an event impossible to be described, but never to be forgotten." I must try my hand, naithless, although I feel it quite beyond my powers to do more than give a slight outline—a pen-and-ink sketch—of that memorable transaction.

While descending with the body to the steerage, our Scot told his superior the facts as they had occurred; and the superior quietly

went into the gun-room, where we who had followed him were within ear shot of no small amount of merriment.

“Of course,” said the doctor, “I have left the wounded man to my assistant. You may depend upon it those devils of middies have more in store for the bully yet.”

First one, and then another, said they would go and see; so the berth to which Curtle had been removed was soon quite filled with anxious gazers. The frightened youth, who had been brought to consciousness through the aid of buckets-full of salt-water splashed in his face, was told his wound must be examined as soon as he felt himself sufficiently recovered. Some brandy-and-water having been given him, he proceeded to interrogate the surgeon—

“Is it much, Doctor? Did the ball go through? I saw it drop out. You won’t have to use that horrid probe you showed me, will you?”

“Why, mon, as to that, nae one can say

till he looks. I opeene that the bullet struck the eend o' the vertebra o' the back-bone; but as I told you before, the sooner shot-wounds are looked into the better. If you feel equal to it, we'll just commence."

Curtle submitted, and was lifted by no lack of volunteers on to the table—the inside of the berth crammed, and, outside the lattice, heads and pairs of eyes, wherever a view could be obtained. The poor wretch, face downwards, could of course see nothing; and his groans, as the doctor lectured, prevented him from hearing the suppressed laughter of all around him.

"Gi' me the large bent sceessars. I see you've lost a guid deal o' bluid, so there will be no occasion to phlebotomize."

Upon inspection, it was ascertained that a slight contusion had taken place, as was apparent from a red mark larger than a shilling, blue in the middle, and which, while the lecture went on, and long before it was over, had got to the size of half-a-crown.

“Sure enough,” said the doctor, “you ha’ had a haard hit, and you may bless your stars there was sic a lot of my best flannel o’er the ba’. An ungainly shot it was—you see it went in here,” pressing the bruise so hard as to cause pain and a groan; “and it came out here,”—another groan and wince,—“and, as I said before, nae doot it was turned by the bane at that point. I hope it may nae be shattered, but I doot. Do you feel pain hereabout?” pushing hard against the bruise.

“Oh, yes—murder! murder! I feel it. Is that the bone?”

“Oo, yes, ’tis just it, and we have some sare wark afore us. Gi’ him a wee drap mair brandy-and-water, for I see we must hae an operation; for you must ken it’s an unco bad piece of surgery to leave twa holes open to ane and the same wound. Now, as the ba’ entered here” (push, wince, and groan), “and came oot here” (ditto, ditto, ditto), “it will be necessary to join the twa. The distance is

nae so great between—barely feeve inches ; and while we mak' that slittuck, we must try to lay the bane bare, sae as to examine it too, before we sew our plaister all up comfortably and nice. Just tak my key, and bring twa o' the sewing needles. You'll ken them crooked things—bring twa oot, for ane may break. I fear now there is raather too much fat here about for me to see ; but, nae matter, I shall be able to feel. Noo, hauld the sponge here about—I'm ganging to cut !” taking the cold spatula in his hand, and holding the end of it short between his thumb and fingers, so as to be able to press with some weight.

Some of us outside thought he really had a knife, and a murmur actually began ; but, seeing that no blood followed, it was suppressed. ‘ Hopeful ’ held a dip, lighted, and fancying the doctor did not punish enough, at this point of the operation put the flame close to the point of the spatula, actually touching the skin (groaning now, and wincing enough). The doctor himself, almost bursting with sup-

pressed laughter, was for some time quite unable to speak—

“That was raather a shaarpish touch—a vara wicked ane, I’m after thinking. Did it smart you?” (Groan, groan, groan.)

The Surgeon here poked a stick through the lattice-work, for he could not get nearer, and made signs to the sub to desist and finish; but humanity to Curtie, who had been his tormentor, formed no part of the assistant’s thoughts. He was intent on punishment; he knew he should never have another chance; he well knew what was in store for himself, when the bubble should burst; and, as he told me afterwards, when I taxed him with being over cruel, he said—

“I had the whip hand, and I determined to keep it as long as I could over a man so savage to the youngsters, and my bitter enemy,”

Not, however, liking to disregard his superior’s warning altogether, he remarked—

“Ah, weel! there’s nae sae much amiss

after a' ; you see, gentlemen, for yourselves—the bane's not shattered, so now we'll sew all up, and hermetically seal the wound. No doot, in a week or sae, the patient will aince more be able to sit down comfortably. Gi' me ane o' the needles, and thread it first wi' a double thread—no cotton, mind you ! it's nae strong enow."

A very pretty sham operation was now carried on, through the needle slightly pricking first on one side, then on the other, of the now clearly-defined red mark. Each puncture was followed by groans, when down came a hand upon the Doctor's, who immediately dropped the needle, but not before the effect of his chirurgery was apparent—

‘ And from the wound appeared the trickling blood.’

There was a murmur—it was rather inhuman ; and, because it was so, I forbear saying whose hand it was that came to the unfortunate youth's rescue.

“ Noo, a' is complete, except the adhesive-

plaister. Hand me the sponge—that tying the knot was sharpish pain, but you’ll no suffer mair. Have you got the soldering-iron?”

“Yes, Sir—here it is, all hot!” (“Oh!” groans, and wincing.)

“Bide still, mon; it’s only to warm the plaister!”

And strip upon strip of Baynton’s adhesive were put on hot enough to cause more wincing, until the whole of the part resembled an overgrown star-fish.

The operation was now pronounced over. As strangers left the scene of action, the lolly-boy was ordered to wipe dry and re-anoint the instruments, and the patient was carried as he lay, face downwards, and in that position placed on a mattress in a cot, which was to be hoisted into its place outside the berth, where he was in. Curtie was told to keep himself in that position, and if hemorrhage did not come on, for four or five hours, “By which time,” said the Doctor, *sotto voce*, “I shall give him something to prevent fever.”

Then came the hoisting-up, at which work the youngsters all took part in.

The cot was no sooner up, than down it went at the foot, Cornwallis declaring the lanyard had broken. When the end was up, down came the other; but some of us interfered, and he was placed as the Doctor had ordered, told to keep quiet, and there we left him. Sure enough, the disciple of Galen did administer to his patient as nauseous a draught as was ever concocted, with a view of preventing fever—a precaution rendered necessary, after so much fear and excitement.

In the course of a few hours, Curtle was allowed to turn over, and, without being enlightened, passed the night, and would have passed many days probably in this state of ignorance, had it not been for the Captain's inquiries, when it became necessary to inform the victim of the hoax, of the practical joke that had been played upon him. Curtle did not long remain in the ship after her arrival at Quebec. He found her too hot to hold him;

and Captain Warwick giving him his discharge, he left the service for the back woods, where we afterwards heard he became a settler, assisted by his family in England. It was a good riddance for my cousin, and all hands. He left without one expression of regret, for he was without a friend.

END OF VOL. I



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